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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. I. NOVEMBER, 1868. Vol. VI.

CONTENTS.

Battle of Eutaw, From Simms' Eutaw.....1
Nameless, (Poetry,) By H. T. Stanton, Maysville, Ky.....5
Battle of Pleasant Hill, By Thos. R. Bonner, Rusk, Texas...7
The Vanity and the Glory of Literature, By Prof C. S. Dod, Washington College, Va.....13
Evening Fancies, (Poetry,) By Miss Mary Thacker, Hamburg, Arkansas.....33
The Valborgsmas Tryst, By Author of "Ingemisco," "Randolph Honor," &c., &c.....34
Baby Power, (Poetry,) By Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, Lexington, Kentucky.....43
Windsor Castle, By Our London Correspondent.....45
Orchards, (Contributed,).....50
Concernieg Heroes, By * * * Sardis, Miss.....54
Mrs. Crenshaw's Story, By Fanny Fielding, Norfolk, Va.....64
Organ Grinders, By T. C. DeLeon, Baltimore, Md.....72
Casualties in Cheatham's Division—1864.....78
Haversack.....79
A Singular Coincidence in Languages, By Prof. E. F. Rockwell, Davidson College, N. C.....86
Editorial.....87
Jean Ingelow, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Va.....91

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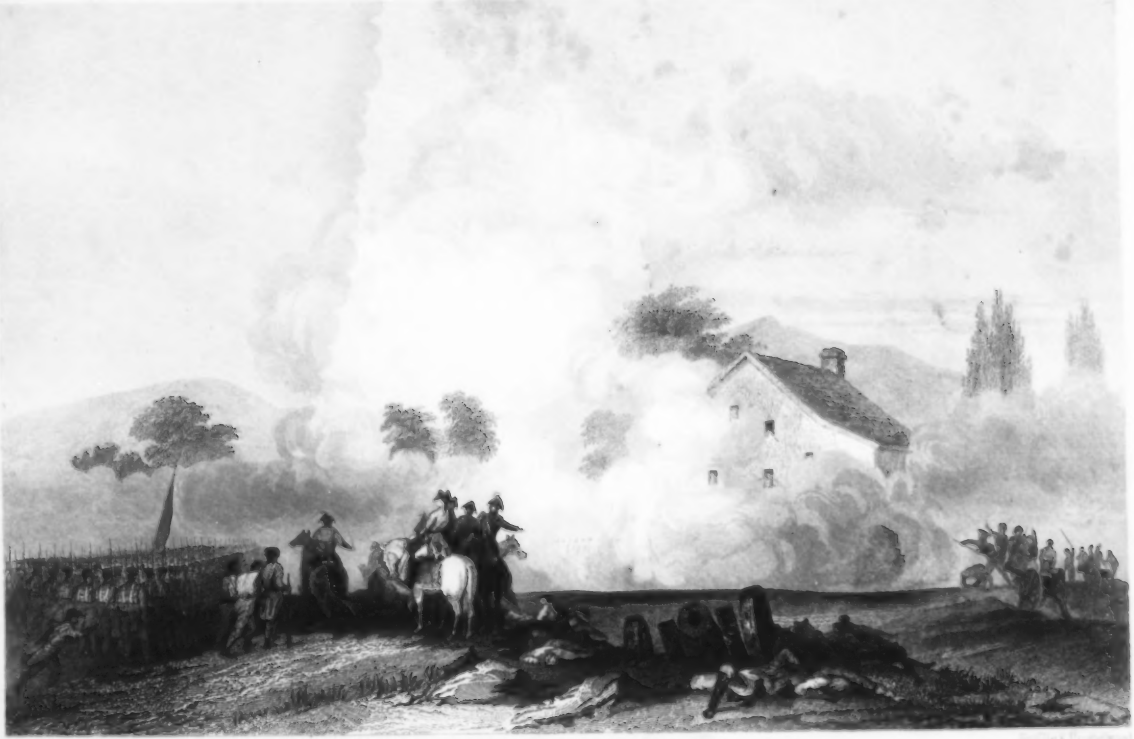

Robert Weatherwood

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. I. NOVEMBER, 1868. Vol. VI.

BATTLE OF EUTAW.*

We must return to the main battle. We have seen Sumner, with his brigade, taking the place vacated by the militia. He, at length, yielded to the superior force and fire of the enemy. As his brigade wavered, shrank, and finally yielded, the hopes of the British grew sanguine. With a wild yell of victory, they rushed forward to complete their supposed triumph, and, in doing so, their line became disordered.—This afforded an opportunity of which Greene promptly availed himself. He had anticipated this probability, and had waited anxiously for it. He was now ready to take advantage of it, and gave his order—to Otho Williams, in command of the Marylanders—"Let Williams advance, and sweep the field with his bayonets!"

And Williams, heading two brigades—those of Maryland and Virginia—swept forward with a shout. When within forty yards of the British, the Virginians poured in a destructive fire, under which their columns reeled and shivered as if struck by lightning; and then the whole second line, the three brigades, with trailed arms, and almost at a trot, darted on to the savage issue of naked steel, hand to hand, with the desperate bayonet. The terrible fire of the Virginians, followed up by the charge of the second line, and seconded, at this lucky juncture, by the legion infantry, which suddenly poured in a most destructive fire upon the now exposed flank of the British left, threw the whole line into irretrievable disorder. But the bayonets of certain sections were crossed, though for a moment only; men were transfixed by one another, and the contending officers sprang at each other with their swords!

The left of the British centre at this vital moment, pressed

* Extract from Eutaw, a tale of the Revolution, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.

upon by their own fugitives, yielded under the pressure, and the Marylanders now delivering their fire, hitherto reserved, completed the disaster! Along the whole front, the enemy's ranks wavered, gave way finally, and retired sullenly, closely pressed by the shouting Americans.

The victory was won!—so far, *a* victory was won; and all that was necessary was to keep and confirm the triumph. But the battle was not over. The battle of Eutaw was a *two*-act, we might say a *three*-act, drama—such were its vicissitudes.

At the moment when the British line gave way, had it been pressed without reserve by the legion cavalry, the disaster must have been irretrievable. But this seems not to have been done.—Why, can not now be well explained, nor is it exactly within our province to undertake the explanation. Lee himself was at this moment with his infantry, and they had just done excellent service. It is probable that Coffin's cavalry was too much for that of the legion; and this body, sustained by a select corps of bayonets, protected the British in the quarter which was first to yield. It now remained for the Americans to follow up their successes. The British had been driven from their first field. It was the necessity of the Americans that they should have no time to rally upon other ground, especially upon the ground so well covered by the brick-house, and the dense thicket along the creek which was occupied by Marjoribanks.

But a pursuing army, where the cavalry fails in its appointed duty, can never overtake a fugitive force, unless, emulating their speed, it breaks its own order. This, if it does, it becomes fugitive also, and is liable to the worst dangers from the smallest reverse. This is, in truth, the very error which the Americans committed, and all their subsequent misfortunes sprang entirely from this one source.

The British yielding slowly from left to right—the right very reluctant to retire — and the Americans pressing upon them just in the degree in which the two sections yielded, both armies performed together a half-wheel, which brought them into the open grounds in front of the house. In this position the Marylanders were brought suddenly under the fire of the covered party of Marjoribanks, in the thicket.—This promised to be galling and destructive. Greene saw that Marjoribanks must be dislodged, or that the whole force of the enemy would rally; and Colonel Washington was commanded to charge the thicket. He did so very gallantly; was received by a terrible fire, which swept away scores of men and horses. Deadly as was this result, and absurd as was the attempt, the gallant trooper thrice essayed to penetrate the thickets, and each time paid the terrible penalty of his audacity in the blood of his best soldiers. The field, at one moment, was covered with his wounded, plunging, riderless horses, maddened by their hurts. All but two of his officers were

brought to the ground. He himself fell beneath his horse, wounded; and, while such was his situation, Marjoribanks emerged with his bayonets from his thickets, and completed the defeat of the squadron. Washington himself was narrowly saved from a British bayonet, and was made a prisoner. It was left to Hampton, one of his surviving officers, who was fortunately unhurt, to rescue and rally the scattered survivors of his gallant division, and bring them on again to the fruitless charge upon Marjoribanks.—Hampton was supported in this charge by Kirkwood's Delawares; but the result was as fruitless as before. The very attempt was suicidal. The British major was too well posted, too strongly covered, too strong himself in numbers and the quality of his troops, to be driven from his ground, even by shocks so decided and frequently repeated, of the sort of force sent against him.

Up to this moment, nothing had seemed more certain than the victory of the Americans. The consternation in the British camp was complete. Everything was given up for lost, by a considerable portion of the army. The commissaries destroyed their stores, the loyalists and American deserters, dreading the rope, seizing every horse which they could command, fled incontinently for Charleston, whither they carried such an alarm, that the stores along the road were destroyed, and trees felled across it for the obstruction of the victorious Americans, who were supposed to be pressing down upon the city with all their might.

Equally deceived were the conquerors. Flushed with success, the infantry scattered themselves about the British camp, which, as all the tents had been left standing, presented a thousand objects to tempt the appetites of a half-starved and half-naked soldiery. Insubordination followed disorder; and they were only made aware of the danger of having victory changed into a most shameful defeat, by finding themselves suddenly brought under a vindictive fire from the windows of the brick house, into which Major Sheridan had succeeded in forcing his way, with a strong body of sharp-shooters.

The field now presented an appearance of indescribable terror and confusion. Small squads were busy in separate strifes, here and there; the American officers vainly seeking to rally the scattered regulars; the mounted partizans, seeking to cover the fugitives; while, from the house, the command of Sheridan was blazing away with incessant musketry, telling fearfully upon all who came within their range. Meanwhile, watchful of every chance, Marjoribanks changed his ground, keeping still in cover, but nearer now to the scene of action, and with a portion of his command concealed behind the picketed garden. In this position he subjected the American cavalry to another severe handling, as they approached the garden, delivering a fire so destructive, that, according to one of the colonels on Hampton's left: "He thought every man killed but himself!"

The two six-pounders of the Americans, which had accompanied their second line, were brought up to batter the house. But, in the stupid ardor of those having them in charge, they had been run up within fifty yards of the building, and the cannoniers were picked off by Sheridan's marksmen as fast as they approached the guns. The whole fire from the windows was concentrated upon the artillerists, and they were either all killed or driven away. This done, Marjoribanks promptly sallied forth from his cover into the field, seized upon the abandoned pieces and hurried them under cover of the house before any effort could be made to save them. He next charged the scattered parties of Americans among the tents, or upon the field, and drove them before him. Covered, finally, by the mounted men of Marion and Hampton, the infantry found safety in the wood, and were rallied. The British were too much crippled to follow, and dared not advance from the immediate cover of their fortress.

No more could be done. The laurels won in the first act of this exciting drama were all withered in the second. Both parties claimed a victory. It belonged to neither. The British were beaten from the field at the point of the bayonet; sought shelter in a fortress, and repulsed their assailants from that fortress. It is to the shame and discredit of the Americans that they were repulsed. The victory was in their hands. Bad conduct in the men, and bad generalship, sufficed to rob them deservedly of the honors of the field. But most of the advantages remained in their hands.—They had lost, it is true, severely; twenty-one of our officers perished on the field: and the aggregate of killed, wounded and missing, exceeded one-fourth of the number with which they had gone into battle. Henderson, Pickens, Howard, and many other officers of distinction, were among the wounded. They had also lost two of their field-pieces, and had taken one of the enemy; and all these losses, and the events which distinguished them, were quite sufficient to rob them of the triumph of the day. But, on the other hand, the losses of the British were still greater. The Americans had chased them from the field at the point of the bayonet; this was a moral loss; plundered their camp; and at the close held possession of the field.—Stewart fled the next day, his retreat covered by Major M'Arthur, with a fresh brigade from Fairlawn, which had been called up for his succor. Marion and Lee made a fruitless attempt to intercept this reinforcement. But the simultaneous movement of Stewart and M'Arthur enabled them to effect a junction, and thus outnumber the force of Marion. Stewart fled, leaving seventy of his wounded to the care of his enemies. He destroyed his stores, broke up a thousand stand of arms, and, shorn of all unnecessary baggage, succeeded in getting safely to Fairlawn. His slain, wounded, and missing, numbered more than half the force with which he had gone into bat-

tle. The Americans carried off four hundred and thirty prisoners, which, added to the seventy taken in the morning, made an aggregate of five hundred. One of the heaviest of the British losses occurred after the battle, in the death of Marjoribanks, who had unquestionably saved the whole British army. He died, not long after, on the road to Charleston.

NAMELESS!

BY H. T. STANTON.

There were great lights from the palace,
  Streaming on the outer trees,
That with fleckings thro' the trellis,
  Play'd a-tremor at his knees,
As a minstrel, stranger, friendless
  Underneath the walls of Fame,
Sat in silence, while the endless
  Notes of glory-music came.

Paths to him were tangled—aimless,
  As he leaned within the shade
Telling o'er the wonders, nameless,
  That his poet-heart had made:—
"Could he pass the amber portal,
  "And the jasper halls along,
"Where the poet-souls immortal,
  "Held their revelry of song?"

"Could he strike a chord of sorrow,
  "In the upper, choral spheres,
"Where, to-morrow and to-morrow,
  "It would echo down the years?
"Could he grasp the ivy clinging
  "At the marble casement now,
"And, amid the spirits-singing,
  "Wear it, deathless, on his brow?"

Once he thought to climb the terrace,
To the open, opal gate,
Where, beyond the sweeping arras,
Swelled the voices of the great;
Where the stricken harp-strings, golden,
Gave their notes in high accord,
To the music-stories olden,
To the glory of the Lord!

But his soul, a-fear, and simple,
Shrinking outward, turned away,
While the great lights from the temple
Drove the night time from the day:
"I shall seek the shadow yonder,
"Underneath the sombre pine;
"These are harp-notes, higher, grander,
"Than may ever be from mine."

Soft he touched the strings, like summer
Touching o'er the barren trees,
And the night bore out their murmurs,
Thro' its alleys to the seas,—
Softer, sweeter passed the cadence,
Thro' the branches and above,
As come visions unto maidens,
In the budding time of love.

Thro' the gates of opal splendor,
And along the jasper wall,
Float the notes of music tender
Down the corridor and hall;
And his tones swell in the chamber
From the shadow and the gloom,
And their liquid echoes clamber
Up the arras to the dome.

And they rise and fall as billows,
In the alcoves of the air;
Passing in and out the willows,
And across, beyond the mere,
High, and grand, and godly power,
Sweeps along the palace eaves,
Till the ivy-vine in flower,
Trembles music from its leaves.

And the poet-souls may listen,
To the outer harp to-night,
And the great lamps, gleam and glisten,
In their ecstasy of light;—
These are music tones undying,—
These are worthy highest name,
From the poet-spirit lying
Underneath the walls of Fame.

SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

Walker's Division—Battle of Pleasant Hill.

SKETCH NO. 2.

BY COLONEL T. R. BONNER, 18TH TEXAS INFANTRY.

——————— "Fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguished horror; while the sun
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light."

[*Southey's Madoc.*

THE dawn of the morning of the 9th April disclosed to our view the reality of the Federal retreat. Before us, in the light of day, and stripped of the pomp and pageantry of "glorious war," lay the closing scene of the previous night's battle. Around and about us, were the lifeless forms of friends and foes, mingled together in one common death.—In almost every conceivable attitude could be seen the dead bodies of men, mutilated by the missiles of destruction, some still bearing the horrible impress of the death

agony—some with stern, unrelaxed features, still showing the fierce passions which animated them at the moment of their fall—and others with mild, placid lineaments as though they had just sunk to gentle slumber. All who saw him will remember the appearance of one dead Federal soldier, who had fallen in the edge of the field. His death shot must have done its work in a moment, for as he lay there, stark and stiff, he still held in his left hand his Enfield rifle, while between the thumb and forefinger of his right, he grasped a cartridge, the end of which he had apparently just bitten off, as it was still clenched between his teeth. But the stirring events before us forbade our long indulgence in the sad reflections necessarily incident to such scenes. With a hasty tear for our dead comrades, and a sigh for the wounded, we were called away to to the stern duties of the soldier.

The night and day before had been passed by our troops without food; but at 7 o'clock that morning, we received an insufficient quantity of beef and bread—the usual variety of a Confederate soldier's bill of fare. During our hasty repast, the Missouri and Arkansas infantry, under Gen. Churchill, which had been marching all night, filed past us, moving on in the direction of Pleasant Hill. Had they arrived the day before, there can be no doubt the victory of Mansfield would have been far more decisive. Their presence now, however, invigorated our little army, and we greeted them with shouts of welcome. This body of troops numbered about 4,000 men, and were in fine spirits, and anxious to share in our glories.

Our cavalry and some artillery had been sent forward at the early dawn, and the distant firing of cannon indicated that even the rear of the enemy's retreating columns were already many miles away. After leaving a detachment to bury our dead, the wounded having previously been cared for, we took up the line of march, following immediately in the rear of Gen. Churchill's division.—Soon we began to see indications of the rapid and disorderly retreat of the Federals. All along the road were evidences of great demoralization. Dead horses, burning wagons, and broken ambulances were visible at almost every turn of the road. In one ambulance we saw an unclosed coffin, containing a dead body, said to be that of a distinguished Federal officer. After marching a short distance, we began to meet squads of Federal prisoners, who, unable to keep up with the Federal army in its hasty retreat, were picked up by our eagerly pursuing cavalry. A large proportion of these prisoners were Zouaves; and their red, uncouth, unmanly looking uniform excited much laughter among our men, and many jokes were created at the expense of these "Joabs," as they were called.

It was expected that our cavalry would check the Federal army before it reached Pleasant Hill, some sixteen miles from the battle ground of the 8th. But in this they failed, and the enemy having been joined by heavy reinforce-

ments, resolved to make a stand at that place. Having marched to within three miles of Pleasant Hill, we could plainly hear the sharp firing of our cavalry, who were skirmishing with the enemy. Occasionally the report of a field-piece would call forth from our boys the exclamation, "Battalion lie down." This was a command of their own making, and from a little incident which occurred in the early part of the war, it, by a common understanding, bore the signification that there was "danger ahead." Here our division halted to permit the main portion of our artillery to pass, which soon came rattling along the road in a sweeping trot. It was about 4 o'clock, p. m., that preparation was made for the approaching battle. The enemy numbering 28,000 men, were posted behind temporary breastworks, within one mile of Pleasant Hill, their line extending North and West of the town, and on both sides of the road leading to Mansfield. Immediately in front of that part of their position, opposed by Walker's division, was a large open field, nearly half a mile in width. Opposed to this large force, we had not exceeding 13,000 men. Churchill's division, and Scurry's brigade, (of Walker's division,) which had been detached for the occasion and ordered to report to Gen. Churchill, constituted the right of our line. Walker's division, the centre, with its left resting on the Mansfield road, and Mouton's division, then commanded by Gen. Polignac, with the cavalry of Gen. Greene, the left. Several batteries of artillery were planted on the road to the left of Walker's division, and on the Mansfield road.

Soon the tremendous firing of our splendid artillery presaged the commencement of the battle. We had about 30 pieces, which were opposed by at least an equal number from the enemy's line, and for half an hour their rude throats did seem to "counterfeit the immortal Jove's dread clamors." Owing to the intervention of a skirt of timber land, covered with thick undergrowth, we could not see the position of the Federal lines. But passing through the timber, we entered the open field, on the opposite side of which, and in the timber, the enemy were posted. Here we halted to reform our ranks, which had become partially broken in passing through the timber.—Churchill had already commenced the attack upon the right. Far away to the right and left stretched the field which was so soon to be the scene of human slaughter. Loud and long came the echo of small arms from the right of the line, and louder still resounded the thunder of the batteries upon our left.

While we were reforming our ranks, Randall's brigade separated from ours (Waul's) by a large ravine, emerged from the timber, and entered the field. The artillery then ceased firing, and, without halting, this noble brigade marched in fine order to the attack. It was indeed sublime to see them led by Gen. Randall, in person, with banners proudly flying, and their bright guns glittering in the sunlight. But we were

not long permitted to remain idle spectators of this animating scene. In a few moments our brigade was ordered forward. Arriving to within 400 yards of the enemy, we were commanded to "change direction to the left," with intention to support Gen. Randall in his attack. But scarcely had this movement commenced before the enemy, still concealed from our view by the temporary breastworks in the timber, opened fire upon us from our original front. Gen. Randall's brigade was now hotly engaged, and soon, along the whole line, from right to left, the action became general. Without further direct command, and acting from the impulse of the moment alone, the men of our brigade rushed towards that portion of the enemy's line which had fired upon us. Then indeed came the "tug of war." We advanced, not with that steady step which characterized our movements at Mansfield, but with a wild, reckless impetuosity. Though it savors not of good discipline, yet it is true, that every soldier became his own leader—every man gave his own command—"*charge! charge!*" The enemy poured a violent and destructive fire into the breasts of our advancing men, and they fell by scores. Yet on they rushed, all seemingly actuated with the same impulse. Our only hope of success seemed to be to drive the enemy, but to accomplish this looked almost like rushing to certain death. But there was no time for reflection. Regardless of discipline, and with no other guide than the smoke of the enemy's guns, we still pressed on. Reaching a point within about 125 yards of the enemy's line, we unexpectedly came upon a gully, which had been washed out about three feet deep, and ran parallel with their line. Involuntarily we sought protection in this timely shelter from the storm of bullets hurled against us. Many of our men had already been killed or wounded, and our line having became totally disorganized by reason of this, and the impetuosity of the charge, to have continued the onset without reforming our broken ranks, would probably have caused the destruction of the entire brigade. The protection thus afforded, placed us somewhat upon an equality in point of position with the enemy, and for an hour we replied, with effect, to their incessant firing. Observations next day upon this part of the field proved the truth of this assertion, for large numbers of the Federals were found dead opposite the line of our brigade, the greater portion of them being shot in the head.

During the hour which passed while these things were transpiring, Gen. Randall's brigade was engaged in a desperate conflict. Never was more bravery evinced, or a greater determination to succeed, than was here manifested by Gen. Randall and the daring men of his brigade.—They would charge almost to the enemy's line, and being driven back, would reform and again rush to the attack. At one time they broke the enemy's line, and captured a number of prisoners; but not being sufficiently supported, were again compelled to re-

fire. All around us could be heard the horrid din of battle, and the air was filled with the savage yell of contending thousands.

It was now nearly sunset. A momentary pause in the battle was regarded as a prelude to a charge upon us by the enemy.—Preparation was quickly made to resist it. After waiting a few moments, and finding that this was not their intention, but rather suspecting that they were preparing to leave the field, we resolved to make an effort to rout them. Leaping from our shelter, we rushed to the attack. But a fearful and murderous fire, from both our front and right oblique, compelled us to fall back to the gully again. At this propitious moment, our artillery, which had been silent during the struggle of the infantry, once more belched forth its thunders, and its welcome notes fell like sweet music upon our ears. The famous Valverde battery, captured from the enemy in Arizonia, posted to our left and rear, began to throw its shells, which, passing just over our line, fell in the enemy's ranks. Gen. Randall's brigade, which had been so often repulsed, was again ready to charge, and our brigade prepared for a simultaneous movement. As soon as the Valverde battery ceased its firing, both brigades rushed upon the enemy, and this time with complete success. Thrown into confusion by the firing of the artillery, followed by our rapid charge, they fled in disorder from the field, leaving their dead, wounded and some prisoners in our hands. Night alone prevented the pursuit of the routed Federals by our division.

I am unable to give details of the battle on any part of the line except that occupied by Walker's division, and can only state that on the left the troops of Generals Green and Polignac were successful. Not so on the right. Gen. Churchill's command, including Gen. Scurry's brigade, were opposed by a double line of the enemy. The first line was driven almost into the town, but the attack upon the second line was signally repulsed, and Gen. Churchill compelled to retire with a loss of over 400 men and officers captured, a large portion of whom belonged to Gen. Scurry's brigade. The whole force of the enemy retreated under cover of the night, in great disorder, towards Natchitoches, on Red River.

Leaving our cavalry in possession of the field, the entire infantry force was unexpectedly withdrawn to a large Steam Mill, eight miles from the battle ground, on the road to Mansfield. This was said to be done because of the impracticability of procuring supplies for our hungry troops if we remained at Pleasant Hill. It is true that we had tasted food only once in forty-eight hours, and then only an inadequate supply; we had also marched 15 miles since 8 o'clock that morning, and had been engaged in the battle of the evening; to compel us, after this, to march back eight miles after night, under pretence of obtaining supplies, was not favorably received. It appeared too much like a retreat; we believed then,

and still think we had gained a victory. It would not certainly have been a very difficult matter to bring the wagons, laden with the supplies captured at Mansfield, to the front, and thus saved us that long, weary night-march. Had this been done we would have been prepared to pursue the retreating enemy next day, and thus followed up the hard earned victories of the 8th and 9th. But whatever may have been the motives which prompted this movement, the sequel will show that but a small portion of the infantry engaged at Pleasant Hill participated in the remainder of the Red River campaign.

The loss of our little army at the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, will give some idea of the fierceness of these two days struggles. Following each other in such quick succession, it would be difficult to enumerate separately the loss in each. Our loss in both battles amounted to not less than 2500 men killed, wounded and missing. Of this number Walker's division lost 1200, including over 300 captured from Scurry's brigade on the last day.

Heavy as was the loss of the Confederate troops, that of the Federals far exceeded it. Their killed and wounded was estimated to be double that of the Confederates at Mansfield, and equally as large at Pleasant Hill, while their loss in prisoners was over 2500. Beside this we captured 250 wagons, loaded with quartermaster, commissary and medical stores, and camp equipage, a large number of fine ambulances, 21 pieces of artillery, and Enfield Rifles enough to supply all the troops engaged.

I believe it is generally conceded that the Enfield Rifle is a superior war gun to the old musket, and I shall not gainsay it, yet, from some cause, which modesty forbids the unfortunate Confederates to mention, we used these inferior muskets until, upon the open field, we boldly won the rifle. Gen. Banks also confirmed his unquestionable reputation as a good Confederate commissary.

But it is sad to think of the brave men who were killed and wounded. Generals Walker and Scurry were both wounded at Pleasant Hill. Many other officers of less military note, yet some of them formerly distinguished in civil life in Texas, and very many private soldiers were either killed or wounded. The troops from the four different States which constituted our little army on this occasion, are entitled to equal praise and equal commendation for the gallantry displayed in the engagement of Pleasant Hill. The hardy sons of Missouri rushed side by side with the bold Arkansians in the fierce conflict, while the fearless men of Texas raised their voices in the same deafening shout of triumph with the tried veterans of Louisiana. Together they fought for the same loved cause! together they died upon the same gory field! and together they sleep in the same common grave.

THE VANITY AND THE GLORY OF LITERATURE.

BY CHAS. S. DOD, JR.

THIS is a book-making age.—We doubt whether it could properly be characterized as preëminently *literary;* but it is certainly more of a *book-making* age than any of its predecessors. Thousands of presses throughout the civilized world are working night and day to scatter the teeming sheets that shall carry intelligence to the million. Every gentleman of wealth possesses his library; every considerable city of Christendom has its public reading rooms, where the well-filled shelves attest the ease with which books are accumulated in this day of rapid authorship, rapid printing, and rapid reading. Let the thoughtful man stand in the midst of such gigantic collections of books as greet his eye in the Astor or Bodleian library, and what a curious train of reflection must run through his mind as he thinks on the myriads of busy brains and industrious pens and swift-working presses, whose combined labors have presented him this intellectual feast! The sage, whose dust has been mingled with the earth for two thousand years—the epic singer, whose stirring lines, echoing the din of battle, are no longer wafted by the breeze over his native hills, or answered by the deep-voiced responses of the far-resounding sea, whose shores have for ages forgotten the impress of his wandering feet—the vehement orator, whose rolling periods bore along the excited and tumultuous throng of listeners as the mountain-torrent does the dry leaves of autumn, but whose voice has long been dumb as the grave—these have their place in the mausoleums of literature, side by side with the gilt-edged volume of sonnets or the more substantial scientific treatise, whose authors are still alive and sensitive to the opinions of their fellow-men. And let the observer reflect, as he gazes upon the mass of reading here stored away, and for the mastering of which no one human life is sufficiently long—let him reflect how unremittingly the Briarean and sleepless presses of our day are adding fresh accumulations to the already groaning shelves, and he cannot refrain from speculating on the probable consequences.

Many at first will probably be inclined to predict that mankind will, in the end, be oppressed by the very excess of their intellectual wealth—as Spain was by the abundance of silver that flowed into her lap from Mexico and Peru—and that a superabundance of books, like a superabundance of the precious metals, will lead to the impoverishment and

decay of the countries so equivocally blest. The diligent and concentrated study of a few books, they will tell you, is better than the careless, diffusive, and desultory reading of whole libraries; and a habit of reading in this way is too apt to be engendered by the multifarious stores of literature and learning now spread out invitingly before the student. Perpetual access to a large library is undoubtedly often more of an impediment than a help to the thorough digestion of knowledge. Most readers have been aware of the fastidious mood with which, in moments of leisure, they have stood before a goodly array of attractive books, and instead of making a substantial repast, as they would have done with less to distract their choice, have humored the vagaries of a delicate appetite—toyed with this rich dainty and that—and after all have felt like a school boy who has dined upon tarts; they have spoiled their digestion without satisfying their hunger!

It by no means follows, then, as a matter of inevitable necessity, that knowledge will increase in the same ratio as books are multiplied. If the result of the multiplication of books should be that superficial and flimsy knowledge which is gained by reading a little on an infinity of subjects without prolonged and systematic attention to any, the effect will be almost or fully as disastrous as an invasion of barbarism, like that of the Goths, which swept the literature of the ancients into the monasteries of the middle ages, leaving all other parts of the field flooded with ignorance. A mill will not go if there be no water; it will be as effectually stopped if there be too much. In short, it may seem, with regard to the quantity of literature accumulated on the hands of this generation, that this is one of those cases to which the old paradoxical maxim applied, "the half is greater than the whole."

The disastrous result, at which we have hinted, would certainly be realized if men were to attempt to make their studies at all commensurate with the increase of books around them. Compelled to read something of everything, they would really know nothing of anything. And, in fact, we see this tendency more or less fully exemplified in the case of vast numbers, who, without definite purpose or judicious selection of subjects, spend such time as they can spare for mental cultivation, in little less than the casual perusal of fragments of all sorts of books; who live on the scraps of an infinite variety of broken meats which they have stuffed into their beggar's wallet; scraps, which, after all, just keep them from absolute starvation.—There are not a few men who would have been learned, if not wise, had the paragraphs and pages they have read been on well-defined and mutually-connected topics; but who, as it is, possess nothing beyond fragments of uncertain, inaccurate, ill-remembered, unsystematized information, resembling the vague, confused images of a sick man's dreams, rather than the clear thinkings of a healthy and vigorous brain.

Fortunately, this tendency to diffusive and careless reading which must accompany the unlimited increase of books, is not without a corrective tendency on the other side. The majority of men will, as heretofore, read only what answers their purpose on the particular subjects which necessity or inclination prompts them to cultivate. Men no longer pant in ambitious but ill-judged attempts after encyclopædic information; the field of knowledge, expanded as it now is, in every direction, does not admit of universal conquerors; students must select their speciality and lend the whole of their energies upon it, leaving other parts of the field to be worked by other laborers. It is not variety and extent of knowledge so much as habits of close and patient thought which the student should seek to acquire; and the thorough investigation of a limited class of subjects is a severer and more profitable mental discipline than the vain attempt to range, like a freebooter, over the whole wide ocean of knowledge.

As books increase, efforts more and more strenuous will be made, from time to time, to digest and systematize the ever-growing accumulations of literature, and to provide the best possible clues through this immense and bewildering labyrinth, or rather through the several parts of it. A very useful book (if we could have a Leibnitz or a Gibbon for its author) might be written on the art of reading in the most profitable manner, so as to attain the greatest results at the smallest outlay of time. True, we have several "Student's Hand-books," and things of that sort; but they give us, for the most part, only hints, many of them quite wise and valuable, but not mapping out the domains of knowledge, and setting up guide-posts to direct us in the shortest roads to the various points we may desire to reach. In the meantime, let the student adhere to the maxim so warmly approved by the great historian just mentioned, "*multum legere, potius quam multa.*" Instead of idly taking up a book and following the author with only the effort necessary to comprehend him, let the student examine the scope and context of the works referred to, which aided the author in his composition; let him bring into juxtaposition with his subject, whatever cognate or illustrative knowledge his own previous reading may have supplied him with; and, above all, let him incorporate his author's thoughts into his own mind by mingling with them original reflections or deductions of his own, suggested by what he has read. In this way a much deeper and better compacted knowledge will be obtained, and at the same time much more under the command of the memory, than if he had skimmed over the surface of the subject, taking no pains to fish up the pearls lying at the bottom. These collateral aids, drawn from the comparison of different authors on the same subject, are like reflectors which increase indefinitely the intensity of light, and render a subject luminous which would otherwise be obscure. How instructive are the

following words of Gibbon—himself a conspicuous example of what even a post-diluvian life, industriously employed, may accomplish: "We ought to attend not so much to the order of our books as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas, and quit my proposed plan of reading." . . . . "I suspended my perusal of any new books on a subject, till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock."

After all, it is the thinking which we do that educates us, and not the reading. Our safeguard against the formation of the pernicious habit of desultory reading, lies in the formation of sound habits of mind—the *discipline* of the faculties—a thing of infinitely more importance than the variety of the information acquired.

Without stopping any longer to examine this paradox–whether the multiplication of books is to produce a diminution of knowledge, or not—there are other consequences of the prodigious activity of the modern press, far more certain to arise, and which well deserve a little consideration.

One of the most obvious of these consequences will be the disappearance from the world of that always rare animal, the *so-called* "universal scholar." Even of that ill-defined creature called a "well-informed man," and "general student," it will be perpetually harder, as time goes on, to find examples; and assuredly the Scaligers and the Leibnitzes must become as extinct as the ichthyosaurus or the megatherium. The remark is common that it is impossible for the human mind to prosecute, with thoroughness and accuracy, researches in all, or even in many, of the different branches of learning; that what is gained in surface, is lost in depth; that the principle of the "division of labor" applies here as strictly as in the arts and manufactures, and that each mind must restrict itself to a few limited subjects, if any are to be actually mastered. All this is very true. Yet it is equally true that in the pursuit of knowledge, the principle of the "division of labor" finds limits to the propriety of its application much sooner than in handicrafts. A certain amount of knowledge of *several* subjects, often of *many*, is necessary to render an acquaintance with any *one* of them serviceable; and without it, the most minute knowledge of any one alone would be like half a pair of scissors, or a hand with but one finger. *What* that amount is, must be determined by the circumstances of the individual and the object for which he wants it.

There are opposite dangers.—The knowledge of each particular thing that a man can study will always be imperfect. The most minute philosopher cannot pretend perfection of knowledge even in his small domain. No subject can be mentioned which is not inexhaustible to the spirit of man. Whether he looks at nature

through the microscope or the telescope, he sees wonders disclosed on every side which expand into infinity—and he can set no limits to the approximate perfection with which he may study them. It is the same with languages and with any branch of moral or metaphysical science. A man may, if he choose, be all his life employed upon a single language and never *absolutely* master its vocabulary, much less its idioms.

The limits, therefore, within which any subject is to be pursued, must be determined by its utility; meantime it is certain that one cannot be profitably pursued alone. Such is the strict connection and interdependence of all branches of science, that the best way of obtaining a useful knowledge of any one is to combine it with more. The true limit between too minute and too wide a survey may often be difficult to find; yet such a limit always exists; and he who should pause over any one subject till he had absolutely mastered it, would be as far from that limit, with regard to all the practical ends of knowledge, as if he had suffered his mind to dissipate itself in a vague attempt at encyclopædic attainments. While cautioning the student, therefore, against the error of undertaking to conquer more ground than he can hold firmly under his intellectual sway, we would also advise him to avoid the opposite error of making the field of his researches too narrow; for, in spite of the proverb, we believe that the "man of one book" will generally be found to be a very shallow fellow.

Minuteness of knowledge, in fact, frequently dwarfs the mind. The engraver becomes near-sighted by bending over his minute work. The minute antiquary, if he finds you ignorant of the shape of an old buckle of some remote date, tells you that "you know nothing of antiquities!" The minute geographer, if he discovers that you have never heard of some obscure town at the antipodes, will tell you, "you know nothing of geography!" The minute historian, if he finds that you never knew, or perhaps have known twenty times and never cared to remember, some event utterly insignificant to all the real purposes of history, will tell you that "you know nothing of history!" And yet, discerning the limits within which the several branches of knowledge may be wisely and profitably pursued, you may, after all, for every important object, have obtained a more serviceable and prompt command over those very branches in which your complacent censor flatters himself that he excels.

The "man of one book" is too frequently nothing but a narrow-minded bigot. His eye, like that of the bee or the ant, may industriously analyze the minute objects lying within its narrow range of vision, but it is incapable of taking in the larger features of the landscape. But there have been men who, soaring in eagle flight, have beheld the whole world of knowledge beneath them—not that they attempted to count the blades of grass or weigh the sands of the seashore,—but, content with a general panoramic

view, their glance has rested upon every mountain-peak of knowledge rising in superiority above the plain; and from their lofty point of observation, they have been able to see how these individual peaks form a continuous and connected chain. The literary ant, toiling below, has no idea of the magnificence of such a view.

But to return to the prospects of our "universal scholar." There have been, from time to time, men who, gifted with gigantic powers, prodigious memory, and peculiar modes of arranging and retaining knowledge, have aspired to a comprehensive acquaintance with all the chief productions of the human intellect—who have made extensive excursions into every branch of human learning—and whose knowledge, though not really universal, has borne something like an appreciable ratio to the sum total of literature and science—who, as was said of Leibnitz, have managed "to drive all the sciences abreast."—Such minds have always been rare, and must soon become extinct. For what is to become of them, in after ages, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? Not that there will not be men who will then know *absolutely* more, and with far greater accuracy, than their less favored predecessors; nevertheles their knowledge must bear a continually dimiminishing ratio to the sum of human science and literature; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the ever-widening circle. Since human life remains as brief as ever, while its task is daily enlarging, there is no alternative but that the "general scholar" of each succeeding age must be content with possessing a less and less fraction of the entire products of the human mind. In Germany alone, it has been computed, there are ten million volumes printed annually, and there are at the present moment living in that country about fifty thousand men who have written one or more books; and should the number increase at the rate it has hitherto done, a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will soon contain more names than there are living readers. The literary activity of France and England, though not so great, have been prodigious, and our own America has entered the lists with the eagerness of youth and the industry of democracy. Well may the student be tempted to fold his hands in despair before this immense and ever-growing pyramid of books! "Happy men," we are half inclined to exclaim, "who lived when a library consisted, like that of a mediæval monastery, of some thirty or forty volumes, and who thought they knew everything when they had read these! Happy our fathers, who were not tormented with the sight of unnumbered creations of intellect which we must sigh to think we can never make our own!"

The final disposal of all this mass of literature is, in the opinion of some, easily managed. The bad, they say, will perish, and the good remain. The former state-

ment is correct enough; the latter not so clearly and undeniably true. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that it is not the bad writer alone who is forgotten. It is but too evident that immense treasures of thought—of beautiful poetry, splendid oratory, vivacious wit, ingenious argument, subtle speculation—which men would not suffer to die if they could help it—must perish too. The great spoiler here acts with his accustomed impartiality;

"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres;"

for the truth is that the creations of the human mind transcend its capacity to collect and preserve them. Like the seeds of life in the vegetable world, the intellectual powers of man are so prolific that they run to waste. Some readers, doubtless, as a bright throng of splendid names in literature rushes on their recollections, will cry "avaunt" to these melancholy forebodings. They stand in the temple of Neptune and see the walls hung round with votive tablets recording escape from shipwreck, but let them reflect how many men have suffered shipwreck, and whose tablets, therefore, are not to be found! Others may think it impossible that the great writers, with whom their own generation is so familiar, and who occupy such a space in its eye, should ever dwindle into insignificance.

This illusion vanishes the moment we take them to catalogues and indexes and show them the names of authors who once made as loud a noise in the world, and yet of whose works they have never read a line!

It is with no cynical, but with simply mournful feelings that we thus dwell on the mortality of productions even of genius. The bulk of the literature of each generation, the bulk of even that most highly prized, perishes with the generation; and as time make fresh accumulations, those of preceding ages pass for the most part into quiet oblivion. The process which has taken effect on the past will be repeated on the present age and on every subsequent one; so that the period will assuredly come when even the great writers of our day, who seem to have such enduring claims upon our gratitude and admiration, will be as little remembered as others of equal talent who have gone before them; when, if not wholly forgotten or superseded, they will exist only in fragments and specimens—these fragments and specimens themselves shrinking into narrower compass as time advances. In this way time is perpetually compiling a vast *index expurgatorius;* and though the press more than repairs his ravages on the mere *matter* of books, the immense masses it heaps up ensure the purpose of oblivion just as effectually. Not that time's effacing fingers have ceased altogether their material waste. Probably scarce a day passes but sees the last leaf, the last tattered remnant of the last copy of some work perish either by violence or accident —by fire or flood, or the crumbling of mere decay. It is surely an impressive thought—this silent unnoticed extinction of an-

other product of some once busy and aspiring mind!

The chief cause, however, of the virtual oblivion of books is no longer their extinction, but (paradoxical as it may seem) the fond care with which they are preserved, and their immensely rapid multiplication. The press is more than a match for the moth and the worm, or the mouldering hand of time; but the great destroyer equally performs his commission by burying books under the pyramid formed by their accumulation. It is a striking example of the impotence with which man struggles with the destiny awaiting him and his works, that the very means which he takes to ensure immortality destroys it; that the very activity of the press—of the instrument by which he seemed to have taken pledges against time and fortune—is that which will make him the spoil of both. The books may not die; but they cease to be read, which amounts to a living death. Piled away on upper shelves, the spider spins her web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of the lids which time has closed.

But while thus administering consolation to the "general scholar," by showing that time has certainly been limiting, as well as extending his task, there is another class of persons who will find no comfort in the thought—and that is the class of authors. There is no help for it, however; humbling as it may appear to represent the higher products of man's mind as destined to decay like his body—it is still true, in the vast majority of instances. And even in those instances where a different fate seems to have attended the works of departed genius, the greater number of cases are but *apparent* exceptions to the well-nigh universal rule; the authors do not *live*—they are merely embalmed and made mummies of. Their works are deposited in libraries and museums, like the bodies of Egyptian kings in their pyramids, retaining only a grim semblance of life, amidst neglect, darkness, and decay. Of the thousands of laborious and ambitious men who have devoted their lives to literature, how few there are who still retain a hold on the popular mind! A somewhat larger fraction may be known to the professed student—but even he must own that there are hundreds of whom he has never read a page, and many of whose very names he is ignorant. It is really curious to look into the index of such learned authors as Cudworth or Jeremy Taylor, and to see the havoc which has been made on the memory of most of the authors they cite, and whose productions still exist, but no longer to be quoted. Of scarcely one in ten of these grave authorities has the best informed student of our day read ten paragraphs; and yet their cotemporaries quoted them as we quote Macaulay and Irving. Let the popular author, then, chastise his conceit with the reflection that the plaudits of a generation are not immortality.

Of all the forms of celebrity which promise to gratify man's natural longing for immortality, there is none, it has been affirmed,

which looks so plausible as literary fame. The statesman and warrior, it is said, are known only by report, and for even *that* are indebted to the historian or the poet. A book, on the other hand, is fondly presumed to be an author's second self; by it he comes into personal contact and communion with his readers. It is a pleasant illusion, no doubt; and in the very few instances in which the author *does* attain this permanent popularity, and becomes a "house-hold word" with posterity, the illusion ceases to be such, and the hopes of ambition are indeed splendidly realized.—But not only must we remember that very few can attain this eminence; we must keep in mind a fact that has not been sufficiently noticed—namely, that as the world grows older, a still smaller and smaller portion of those who *seem* to have attained it, will hold their position. The great mass of the writers whom posterity "would not willingly let die," must share the fate of those other great men over whom the favorites of to-day are supposed to have an advantage; they, themselves, will live only by the historian's pen. The empty titles of their works will be recorded in catalogues, and a few lines be granted to them in biographical dictionaries, with what may truly be callled a *post mortem* examination of criticism—a space which, as these church-yards of intellect become more and more crowded, necessarily becomes smaller and smaller, till for thousands not even room for a sepulchral stone will be found.

Nor is it easy to say how far this oblivion will reach, or what luminaries will, in time, be eclipsed. Supposing only the best products of the genius of each age—its richest and ripest fruits—to be garnered away for posterity, the collection will gradually rise into a prodigious pile, defying the appetite of the most voracious reader. The time must come when not only mediocrity, which has always been the case,—not only excellence, which has frequently been the case,—but when even superior genius will stand a chance of being rejected; when even gold and diamonds will be cast into the sieve! Hardy must he be then who shall venture to hope for the *permanent* attention of mankind! For it will be found that the majority of authors have bought, not, as they fondly imagined, a copyhold of inheritance, but that their interest for life, or for years soon runs out, and every year diminishes the value of the estate.

With the exception, then, of the very few who shine on from age to age with undimished lustre, like lights in the firmament—the Homers, the Miltons, the Shakspeares, the Bacons, enshrined, like the heroes of old, among the constellations—the great bulk of writers must be contented, after having shone for a while, to be wholly or nearly lost to the world. Entering our system like comets, they may strike their immediate generation with a sudden splendor; but receding gradually into the depth of space, they will twinkle with a fainter and fainter lustre, till they fade away forever.

But while the past is thus receiv-

ing into its tranquil depths such huge masses of literature, it is, by a contrary process, yielding us, perhaps, nearly bulk for bulk, materials which it had long concealed. While work after work of science and history is daily passing away, pushed aside, beyond all chance of republication, by superior works of a similar kind, containing the last discoveries and most accurate results, it is curious to see with what eagerness the literary antiquary is ransacking the past for every fragment of unpublished manuscript. Many of these, if they had been published when they were written, would have been utterly worthless. They derive their whole value from the rust of age. It may with truth be said of them that they never would have lived if they had not been buried. Our readers will remember the sly way in which Irving satirizes these literary delvers among the rubbish of antiquity, when, after describing the antiquarian parson's raptures over the old drinking song, he says: "It was with difficulty the squire was made to comprehend that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl written by a toss-pot several hundred years since was a matter worthy of the greatest research, and enough to set whole colleges together by the ears."

But we do not complain of this. The laborious trifling of the merest drudge in antiquities may supply the historian with some collateral lights, and furnish materials for more vivid descriptions of the past; or, coming into contact with highly creative minds, like that of Sir Walter Scott, they may contribute the rude elements of the most beautiful fictions.—No one can read his novels and despise the study of the most trivial details of antiquities, when it is seen for what beautiful textures they may supply the threads. It is the privilege of genius such as his to extract their gold dust out of the most worthless books—books which to others would be to the last degree tedious and unattractive,—and the felicity with which he did this was one of his most striking characteristics. It is wonderful to see how a snatch of an old border song, an antique phrase, used as he uses it, a story or fragment of a story from some obscure author, shall suddenly be invested with a force or a beauty which the original never would have suggested to an ordinary reader, and which in fact is derived solely from the light of genius which he brought to play upon them. His genius *vivified* whatever he hung over in those dusty parchments; and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of poetry and romance.

In this way minute portions of the past are constantly entering, by new combinations, into fresh forms of life; and out of these old materials, continually decomposed but continually recombined, scope is afforded for an everlasting succession of imaginative literature. In the same way every work of genius, by coming, as it were, into

mesmeric *rapport* with the affinities of kindred genius, and stimulating its latent energies, is itself the parent of many others, and furnishes the materials and rudiments of ever new combinations. In Shakspeare, no less than in Scott, we see both how much and how little a great genius derives from sources without himself.—Byron, too, as Moore tells us, was in the habit of exciting his vein of composition by the perusal of other authors on the same subject, from whom the slightest hint, caught by his imagination as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source.

It is in this way that thought never dies. The books may become mouldy and worm-eaten, or may be buried beneath the unnoticed and useless lumber of public libraries, but during the time that those books were popularly circulated, some seeds of thought were, doubtless, dropped from them into minds where they took root and produced fresh fruit for another generation. Let the author, then, take heart; for although the chance is small that his shall be "one of those few, immortal names that were not born to die," yet, if his *thoughts* be noble, *they* will not perish. Posterity will take care of them, though they may forget to whom they owe the legacy. The thought, in the original form in which it was first given to the world, may no longer exist; but the probability is, that it has given rise to other thoughts in other men, and, like the hidden spring among the mountains, is the source of a perpetually enlarging stream that shall flow on to the end of time. The reader will call to mind the death-bed scene of the brilliant, but dissipated Burley, in Bulwer's "My Novel." He is a man who, with parts that might have enabled him to place himself in a proud and firm literary position, has yet turned his talents to little account—employing his energies only in such wayward and fitful efforts as necessity roused him to perform. Consequently he leaves nothing permanent behind him. But others have profited by the labors from which he derived no profit himself. And now, as his life is waning, he mourns over his wasted powers, but consoles himself with the reflection that even the little he has done will not be actually lost; and he illustrates this belief, by exclaiming to his companion, Leonard, "Extinguish that candle! Fool, you cannot!" and then goes on to explain, that though the flame may be quenched with a breath, yet the waves of light which it has occasioned will continue to vibrate through space forever; and so, although the lamp of his intellect was flickering in the socket, the thoughts which it had put in motion would continue to travel through the world long after men had forgotten there ever was such a man as poor Burley.

But we are encroaching, prematurely, on another branch of our subject.

In that deluge of books with which the world is inundated, the lamentations with which the bib-

liomaniac bemoans the waste of time and the barbarous ravages of bigotry and ignorance, appear at first sight somewhat fantastical. Yet it is not without reason that we mourn over many of these losses, especially in the department of history; and this, not merely because they have involved important facts in obscurity, but for a reason more nearly related to our subject. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is probably the truth that the very multiplicity of books with which we are now perplexed, is in part owing to the loss of some, and that if we had had a few volumes more we should have had a great many less. The innumerable speculations, conjectures, and criticisms on those ample fields of doubt which the ravages of time have left open to interminable discussion, would then have been spared us.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether—except in the case of history—the treasures of literature, of which time has deprived us, and the loss of which literary enthusiasts so bitterly deplore, have been so inestimable. We are disposed to think with Gibbon in his remarks on the burning of the Alexandrian library, that by far the greater part of the masterpieces of antiquity have been secured to us. The lost works, even of the greatest masters, were most probably inferior to those which have come down to us.—Their best must have been those most admired, most frequently copied, most faithfully preserved, and therefore on all these accounts the most likely to elude the hand of violence and the casualties of time. The great cause which consigns so many modern works to oblivion—namely, the superabundance of the products of the press—did not then operate. And even since printing was invented, we do not think we have occasion to lament the extinguishment of any great ideas; for, as we have shown, thought by a perpetual transmigration descends from generation to generation. The books containing those thoughts may be left to moulder in the dusty archives of literary depositories, but the thoughts are abroad in the world. Books are merely the outer shell or cocoon that inwraps the chrysalis idea; and after a certain period the idea comes forth in a new and more beautiful form, and on active wing ascends to lofty regions, leaving its worthless shell of paper and binding to rot into oblivion.

One great cause which has enabled the master-pieces of Grecian and Roman literature to outlive all the shocks of time, the calamities of war and the waste of ignorance attendant upon that mighty disruption of the Western Empire, when civilization seemed broken loose from its moorings, and the wrecks of the social fabric clashed against each other on the wild tossing waves of that barbarous inundation that overflowed all Europe—was the condensed and sententious style in which their thoughts were expressed.—Our modern authors should profit by their example. If they would extend their posthumous fame to its utmost limits, let them study brevity. Our voluminous forefathers of the seventeenth cen-

tury seemed never to have attempted condensation, but to have committed all their thoughts to writing in all the redundance of the forms first suggested. They acted as though we, their posterity, should have nothing to do but to sit down and read what they had written. They were much mistaken; and the consequence is that their ambitious folios remain for the most part unread; while those great productions of classical antiquity, whose severe terseness they would have done well to imitate, have triumphed over time—a victory due principally no doubt to their moderate bulk. The light skiff will shoot the cataracts of time when a heavier vessel will assuredly go down.

Considering the vastness of the accumulations of literature and the impossibility of mastering them all, we are not surprised that the idea should sometimes have suggested itself that it might be possible, in a series of brief publications, to distil as it were the quintessence of books, and condense folios into pamphlets.—The works of an age might thus be contained on a few shelves. We cannot think, however, that such a plan, if put into general execution, would prove useful to the cause of literature. We will not say that *all* abridgments are foolish and wrong; but the truth is that the mind cannot profitably digest intellectual food in too condensed a shape,—and every work worth reading at all bears upon it the impress of the mind that gave it birth and ceases to attract and impress when reduced to a syllabus; its faults and its excellencies alike vanish in the process. But if authors would escape this mutilation they must study conciseness of expression, and take care to leave their thoughts in such a form that men will not consent to have them altered. Signal genius, even in modern times, has occasionally effected this—and that, too, in departments where the progress of knowledge soon renders these works very imperfect as to their matter. Such for instance is Paley's "Natural Theology," a book treating of a subject which now might be much more amply and correctly illustrated by the new lights afforded by improved science; and yet such is the simple and forcible beauty with which Paley has managed his argument, that the popularity of his work is not likely to yield to any future aspirant, whatever stores of better knowledge he may have at his command.—Hume's "History of England" promises to be a still stronger instance, in spite not only of its numerous deficiencies but of its enormous errors.

It is indeed a great triumph of genius when it is capable of so impressing itself upon its productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to make men unwilling to return the gold into the melting pot and work it up afresh; when it is felt that from the less accurate work we after all learn more, and receive more vivid impressions than from the more correct but less effective productions of an inferior artist. To attain this species of longevity, genius must not content itself with being a mere mason—it must as-

pire to be an architect, it must seek to give preciousness to the gold and silver by the beauty of the cup or vase into which they are moulded, and to make them as valuable for their form as for their matter.

The old Greek and Roman classics, which are the best examples of this power of genius, have had indeed a remarkable destiny. Those ancient authors seem to have possessed in perfection the art of *embalming* thought. Time leaves their works untouched. The severe taste which surrounds them has operated like the pure air of Egypt in preserving the sculptures and paintings of that country, where travelers tell us that the traces of the chisel are as sharp and the colors of the paintings as bright as if the artists had quitted their work but yesterday.

In turning over the pages of catalogues, one is struck, amidst all the mutations of literature, with the fixed and unchanging influence of two portions of it—the ancient Classics and the Bible. Much of the literature produced by both partakes, no doubt, of the fate that attends other kinds; the books they elicit, whether critical or theological, pass away, but they themselves retain their hold on the human mind, become engrafted into the literature of every civilized nation, and continue to evoke a never-ending series of volumes in their defence, illustration or explication. On a very moderate computation, it may be safely affirmed, we think, that at least one-third of the books published since the invention of printing, were the consequences, more or less direct, of the two portions of literature to which we have referred—in the shape of new editions, translations, commentaries, grammars, dictionaries, or historical, chronological, and geographical illustrations.

There is one aspect in which even the most utilitarian despiser of the classics can hardly sneer at them. From being selected by the unanimous suffrage of all civilized nations as an integral element in all liberal education, these venerable authors play a very important part in the commercial transactions of mankind. It is curious to think of these ancient spirits furnishing no inconsiderable portion of the modern world with their daily bread, and in the employment they give to so many thousands of teachers, editors, commentators, authors, printers, and publishers, constituting a very positive item in the industrial activity of nations. A political economist, thinking only of his own science, should look with respect on the strains of Homer and Virgil, when he considers that, directly or indirectly, they have probably produced more material wealth than half the mines which human cupidity has opened, or half the inventions of human ingenuity.

And turning to the Bible we find that it presents us with a still more singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and supposing it to be other than it pretends to be, it may well puzzle infidel sagacity

to account for its wonderful and lasting influence over the thoughts and feelings of mankind. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the hearts of great communities—communities varying by every conceivable diversity of race, language, manners and customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself to the revolutions of thought and feeling that shake to pieces all things else, and accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity—attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration and defence. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events, they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers become extinct, often long before. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that stern logic. But if the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, would be a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance and stupidity than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstition; or, if it really has merits which, though it be a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition—so wonderful that even the infidel ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to permit a thought of scoff or ridicule.

We have endeavored to show how large a portion of merely human literature is inscribed with "vanity,"—that word of doom which all things human bear.—But literature has its "glory" too. The writer has enough to make him contented with his vocation, if not proud of it. The value of books does not depend upon their durability; nor in truth is there any reason why the philosopher should be more solicitous about these wasted and wasting treasures of mind than about the death of men, or the decay of the cities they have built, or of the empires they have founded. They but follow the law which is imposed on all terrestrial things.

Geologists tell us of vast intervals of time—myriads of years—passed in the tardy revolutions by which the earth was prepared for our habitations, and during which successive tribes of animals and plants flourished and became

extinct;—the term of life allotted to each species, and its place in the system, being exactly appropriate to the stage reached by the world in the progress of development, and linked, in a law of subserviency, to the successive parts and various phases of one vast continuous process. Though permitted and organized to enjoy their brief term of life, they were chiefly important as stepping stones to the future, and as influencing that future, not by forming part of it, but by having been a necessary condition of its arrival. The same law which seems to have been that of the whole history of the geological eras, appears also to characterize our own; the present passes away, but is made subservient to a glorious future. As those geological periods were preparatory to the introduction of the human economy, so the various eras of that economy itself are subordinated to its ultimate and perfect development. Individuals and nations perish, but the progress of humanity continues. Persuaded of this truth, let the author awake from his idle dream of immortality—awake to a more rational but not less pleasing hope. Let him but conscientiously labor to serve his generation, and he will find his reward in the reflection that, though his books may not outlive himself, yet in furthering the interests of one generation he has furthered the interests of all coming time. Each generation must make its own books; but *what sort* of books these are to be depends greatly on the books that went before. If, then, the author has made any contribution, however small, to the general stock of human knowledge, he may rest assured that that contribution will be preserved, in other forms, for succeeding ages, even after the book itself, like its author, has become food for worms. The book, which none now read, tended, in its day, to mould and influence some cotemporary mind destined to act with greater power on distant generations. The current novels of Shakspeare's day, which are now no longer to be found in public libraries, and the names of whose authors have completely vanished from the memory of men, were the foundation for many of those glorious dramas which the superior genius of Avon's Bard has stamped with immortality. In this way the weak live in the strong, and the perishable products of inferior minds are transmuted into the eternal adamant of some rare genius. The whole gigantic growth of human knowledge and literature may be compared to those deposits which geologists describe, full of the remains of animal and vegetable life that once moved in vigor or bloomed in beauty, and which are beneficial still. The luxuriant foliage and forest growth of literature and science that now overshadow us, are rooted in the strata of decaying or decayed mind, and derive their nourishment from them. The very soil we turn is the loose *detritus* of thought washed down to us through long ages. Although the world of intellect, like the world of matter, is under the dominion of decay, yet it is sublimely true

that, in both alike, Death is itself the germ and parent of life; and new forms of glory and beauty spring from the very dust of desolation.

A fanciful mind might pursue still further the comparison we have instituted between those animal and vegetable remains, on which our living world flourishes, and those vast relics of decayed and mouldering literature, in which our modern literature fastens its roots, and over which it waves its proud luxuriance. A resemblance may be discerned between the mutations and revolutions of literature and those incomparably greater changes which have swept over the surface of the material world. Geology tells us of the successive submersion and elevation of vast tracts of land—now rich in animal and vegetable life—then buried for unnumbered ages in oblivion—then reappearing to the light of day, and bearing, dank and dripping from the ocean bed, the memorial of their former glories. It is much the same with the treasures of buried literature. Long whelmed beneath the inundations of barbarism, or buried by the volcanic eruptions of war and conquest, we see them, after centuries of oblivious trance, coming once more to light—the fossil remains of ancient life, characterized indeed by many analogies to the present species of organized life, but also by many differences.

The revival of classical literature after the dark ages, was the most splendid and noteworthy of these recoveries of the past; but even now there frequently takes place, on a smaller scale, a similar process of restoration. Discussions and controversies that had been hushed for ages, break out again, like long, silent volcanoes; men turn with renewed interest to the opinions of persons who had apparently been forgotten forever; and names which had not been heard for centuries, once more fill men's mouths and are trumpeted to the four winds. Let the author remember this for his comfort. In the indefatigable grubbings and gropings of the literary antiquary, scarcely any writer need despair of an occasional remembrance, or of producing some curiosities for those cabinets where the most precious and the most worthless of relics are preserved with impartial veneration. It is hard to say what the spade and the mattock may not bring up. Who could have hoped, a few years back, to witness the reappearance of so much early English literature as has recently been passed through the press again? Who could have anticipated the wide and wayward range which the transient, but while they last, most active fashions of literary research would take? Now it is Saxon, Danish, or Norman antiquity;—now local traditions and old songs and ballads;—now the old dramatists have their turn, now the old divines. True, not a little of this exhumed literature is immediately recommitted to the dust;—its resurrection is but for the second celebration of its obsequies. Still, these spasmodic revivals of a dead literature galvanized into a semblance of life

by antiquarian zeal, are better than the unbroken forgetfulness of tombs that are sealed forever! This alternate resurrection and entombment may not be immortality, but it bears a close resemblance to transmigration.

In this connection, observe how singular has been the destiny of Aristotle! After having been lost to the world for ages, we see him, during the era of the schoolmen, making a second and wider conquest, and founding the most durable and absolute despotism of mind over mind that the world has ever seen. After a subsequent dethronement by the Baconian philosophy, he is now fighting his way back to no mean empire—an empire promising to be all the more permanent because it is founded in a juster estimate of his real claims on the gratitude and reverence of mankind, and because he is invited to wield the sceptre, not of a despot, but of a constitutional monarch. It is as if Napoleon's dust should quit its sarcophagus in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and once more shake Europe with the thunder of his victorious artillery! Like the great French conqueror, the Grecian philosopher has had his Elba and his St. Helena; and like him, too, his dynasty is now restored, if not in his own person, in the person of those who owe what they are to him.

If the considerations thus far presented fail to establish the "glory" of literature as a counterpoise to its "vanity," let the author, in those moments of despondency, when he realizes how perversely and persistently the shadow of fame eludes his eager grasp, console himself with the reflection that there is a little circle of which each man is the centre, and that this narrow theatre is generally enough for the hopes and aspirations of the human heart. Indeed, even when the loftiest ambition whispers to itself some folly about distant regions and remote ages whose plaudits, however loud, can never reach its ear, it is really of a nearer and more limited admiration that the aspirant thinks. It is, after all, the applause of the familiar friends, among whom he daily lives, that he craves and loves.

> Can sculptured urn or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath!
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death!

No! for the love and praise of the living, we will be content to give up all reversionary claims upon the admiration of unborn generations!

Let the author reflect, moreover, that, as time rolls on, not only will the number of books be increased, but the number of readers also; and consequently the greater will be the chance of his obtaining somewhere a foothold in the memory of at least a part of the human race. If he be worthy to live at all, he will find—not indeed temples thronged with admiring worshippers and altars steaming with sacrifices—but at all events a little chapel here and there where some solitary devotee will be paying his homage. He cannot hope to be a Jupiter Capitolinus, but he may become the

household god of some quiet hearth, and receive there his modest oblation and his pinch of daily incense.

The destiny of the honest writer, then even though but moderately successful, is surely glorious and enviable. It may be true that he is to die; for we do not count the record of a name, when the works are no longer read, as anything more than an epitaph, and even that may vanish. Yet, to come into contact with other minds, though but for limited periods—to move them by an influence silent as the dew, invisible as the mind—to co-operate in the construction of character—to mould habits of thought—to promote the reign of truth and virtue—to exercise a spell over those we have never seen and never can see, in other climes, at the extremity of the globe, and when the hand that wrote is still forever—is surely a most wonderful, not to say awful, prerogative. It comes nearer to the idea of the immediate influence of spirit on spirit than anything else with which this world presents us. In no way can we form an adequate conception of such an influence, except by imagining ourselves, under the privilege of the ring of Gyges, to gaze invisible, upon the solitary reader as he pores over a favorite author, and to watch in his countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of the page that holds him captive; now knitting his brow over a difficult argument, and deriving both discipline and knowledge from the effort—now relaxing into smiles at wit and humor—now dwelling with a glistening eye on tenderness and pathos—now yielding up some fond error to the force of truth, and anon betrayed into another by the force of sophistry—now rebuked for some vice or folly, and binding himself with fresh vows to the service of virtue,—and now, also, sympathizing with the too faithful delineation of depraved passions and vicious pleasures, and strengthening, by one more rivet, the dominion of evil over the soul! Surely, to be able to wield such a power as this, even in the smallest degree and within narrow boundaries of time and space, is a stupendous attribute, and one which, if seriously pondered, would oftentimes cause a writer to pause and tremble as though his pen were the rod of an enchanter! Happy those who have wielded it well, and who

> "Dying, leave no line they wish to blot."

Melancholy indeed is the lot of all whose high endowments have been worse than wasted—who have left to that world which they were born to bless, only a legacy of shame and sorrow—whose vices and follies, unlike those of other men, are not permitted to die with them, but continue active for evil after the men themselves have become dust. Let every aspirant for the honors of authorship remember this. The ill which other men do, for the most part dies with them. Not that this is literally true, even of the obscurest individual. We are all but links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time

to the final consummation of all things; and unconsciously we receive and transmit a noble influence which time has no power to destroy. As we are, in a great measure, what our forefathers made us, so our posterity will be what we make them; and it is a thought which may well make us at once proud and afraid of our influence and our destiny.

But such truths, though universally applicable, are more worthy of being pondered by great authors than by any other class of men. These outlive their age—if not for an eternity, at least for considerable periods; and their thoughts continue to operate immediately on the spirit of their race. How sad it is for such to abuse their high trust! If we could imagine for a moment that departed spirits are allowed to revisit the scenes of their earthly life and trace the good or evil consequences of their actions, what more deplorable condition can be conceived than that of a great but misguided genius, convinced at last of the folly of his course, and condemned to witness its effects, without the power of arresting them? The spell for evil has been spoken, and he cannot unsay it; the poisoned shaft has left the bow and cannot be recalled! How would he sigh for that day which should cover his fame with a welcome cloud, and bury him in the once dreaded oblivion! How would he covet, as the highest boon, the loss of that immortality for which he toiled so much and so long!

Let not the influence of books over men's character and actions be despised. Socrates was accustomed to argue for the superiority of oral over written instruction, by representing books as *silent*. The inferiority of the written word to the living voice is in many respects undeniable, but surely it is more than compensated by the advantage of its more diffusive and permanent character. Great as has been the influence of Socrates, he owes it almost entirely to books which he refused to write; and it might have been greater still, had he condescended to write some of his own.

The chief glory of literature—taking it collectively—is that it is our pledge and security against the retrogression of humanity—the effectual break-water against barbarism—the *ratchet* in the great wheel of the world, which, even if it stands still, prevents it from slipping back. Ephemeral as man's books are, they are not so ephemeral as himself; and they consign to posterity what would otherwise never reach them. A good book is the Methuselah of these latter ages.

EVENING FANCIES.

Evening's spell comes round me,
And all the ties which bound me
To this bright earth, my spirit rends in twain,
And roams in joy and gladness,
Free from the heart's deep sadness,
And revels in that bliss which yields no pain,

Save only the deep yearning
Which, in my bosom burning,
Tells me that Heaven lies far, far beyond
My own wild aspirations,
My fancy's bright creations,
Then my crushed heart will ache, but not despond.

My spirit seeks the shore,
Where booms the ceaseless roar
Of Ocean, in his wild and sullen play.
It bounds upon the waves,
Seeks the most hidden caves,
Where sleep the mermaids, and where rich gems stray.

It leaps o'er dancing rivers
Where the rich sunset quivers
In ever-varying tints upon the stream,
Visits the silent dell
Where fancy loves to dwell,
And gilds imagination's richest dream.

Visits the far-off Heaven,
Where, earth's weak ties all riven,
Angelic music breaks upon the ear.
The jasper gates unfold,
And gorgeousness untold
Dazzles the vision in that glorious sphere.

But a low-plaintive moan
Upon the breeze is borne;
It has been wafted from the battle-plain.

Oh! that sad, mournful strain
Tells of the lowly slain,
And calls my spirit back to earth again.

And now those hues so glorious
The setting sun sheds o'er us,
Pour their latest, lingering rays around;
And the low, tender greeting,
When in the wild woods meeting,
Of the sad night-bird, is the only sound.

Then sweet, and low, and tender,
'Neath Luna's dawning splendor,
I hear the music of a voice I love.
Farewell, thou glowing vision,
Thou flower from fields Elysian,
My blissful, happy heart must cease to rove.

Hamburg, Ark., 1868. MARY THACKER.

THE VALBORGSMAS TRYST.

A deep hush through the long, broad, raftered hall. So deep, that the soughing of far-pines crept sobbing through the night, and brought the moan of Silja Lake, upon whose breast the flames upon the hearth-stone here flung out from time to time a fitful glow. An April snow was scurrying to and fro without. Within, a short half-hour since, the dance, the frolic game, the song and story, in the midst of rustic peace made mockery of storm. But now the murkiness of the storm was entered in.

The nickel harp had lapsed to silence, and the hum of all those spinning-wheels had ceased. Upon them now, the maidens leaned in jaunty jackets and gay holyday aprons, with fair hair braided under the three-cornered maiden-cap. The fresh round faces were all turned one way, and many a glance stole under drooping lashes toward the upper end of the apartment. For there, at a table strewn with papers, sat the aged Squire, and confronted a young man in mien and dress somewhat superior to his fellow-peasants. Those sturdy Dalmen, bred up on the Squire's estate, now dropped their gaze, shame-faced for their class, upon the pine-twig covered floor; as the master, resting his right hand in very heaviness of sorrow on the table, resumed his speech.

"Go then, Erik Orn—free to retrieve the past with the future—to prove thyself not all unworthy of the forbearance I now show thee."

Each measured accent, solemn, clear, and stern, resounded where the stillness was but broken by their utterance—by not one murmur or one movement among the twenty or thirty men and women there assembled. A tribunal without appeal, whose silence ratified the conviction and the sentence of this man, one of themselves, yet long set above them. Dismay, compassion, and in some few envious countenances, a certain self-complacent triumph, answered to the disappointment in the master's face. He rose up wearedly, his hand upon the heavy purse of gold, the finding of which among Erik Orn's possessions, had with other inexplicable circumstances, convicted Erik, or so it seemed, of an unfaithful stewardship.

But he who fronted, met his judge, unfalteringly. Upon his brow there rested not one shade of shame, and the deep eyes, earnest and shining with an anguish passing tears, had nevertheless no shrinking, no remorse. There was no wavering in the firm-set mouth, and when he spoke at once, the musical Dalarna tones sang true as ever.

"The memory of my master's justice through the years since I, a friendless peasant-lad, was first received into his service—the memory of kindness which has raised me up until I stood high in his confidence—nay, almost as his counsellor and friend—these memories rise now between me and that wrongful sentence, and thus shut out wrath. That do they, though that sentence, that forbearance, sends me forth, untried and yet condemned; a branded out-cast from among these honest men who were, and in the sight of my Great Judge above still are, my fellows. My word against strong damning evidence of crime. It is truly feeble as a breath—yet which of these men here has ever found it false? I go. But though you never hear of me again, my master—when sight shall fall into this dark, and point out the now doubly guilty criminal—" he turned here his glance wandering coldly on from watching face to face—"it may in that hour soothe you to remember, he to whom till now you have been a most noble benefactor, pardons your forbearance, and—so help me God!—will never suffer it to crush him down to shame."

He bowed low to the stern unmoved old man, and set his proud face toward the door, vouchsafing not so much as one brief sign to the companions of that past so wholly gone and blotted out from memory forever.

Not so much a stifled murmur, as a thrill, went through those hearers. More than one friendly grasp might have sought his, but that the master stood there cold as changeless marble; waiting till the recreant should be gone, in order to speak further with his faithful household. Beneath that impassive observation, no eyes, no hands, were raised to his.

Not one?

A slender girl, who the entire evening had remained shyly

apart, and, fenced in by her spinning-wheel, had as shyly shaken her head at Erik's attempts to draw her into the circling country-dance or polka—this girl's eyes had never left him from the first. And when his tones rang out, clear and solemn as far echoes of Dalarna's church-bells, tears not wholly full of pain, welled up, and plashed down on her wheel.

He passed her, passed all by, until he nearly reached the threshold. He would not have lingered there, nor looked one instant back on scenes now lost; but that as swift as thought Elin has risen up, had crossed the hall, and stood before him.

"Erik Orn—" she spoke—as distinctly, that every ear within the hall must hear—"Heed them not, thou!—the dastards who dare not so much as stretch a parting hand to thee. Thou knowest the Lord God Himself shall hold thee up with His right hand."

He bent upon her a long, full, wondering gaze, made but more tender by a cloud of anguish inexpressible. And then he grasped her hands, and bowed his head until his eyes were hid upon them.

She saw the strong frame shake with terrible though voiceless sobs, and felt the hot tears streaming through her fingers.

The moment passed. He lifted himself resolutely. And without a word—without one backward glance—amid the awe-struck hush of that tribunal where he stood condemned, with only one girl-voice raised for him—he went on his way. The door shut to, with dull and hopeless clang, behind him.

It was a cloudless, moonless, starry night, that eve of May-day in Dalarna. Black heights merged into blacker skies, with but an edge of snow along the woodland fringes. Beneath there, in the valleys, in the shadow of those heights, gleamed out a lingering white patch amid the green which carpeted the path for Spring's triumphal entry. Like snow-patches, too, a cottage here and there, in dell or on the mountain-side, flashed forth from clumps of newly budding birch, or dusky pines with peaks of burnished red. Far down upon a sheltered slope the village church, all hid in evergreens, uplifted a gold cross, which, as the tower was invisible, seemed held aloft by unseen, angel hands. A star-beam trembled greetingly upon it, as though it alone could draw down heaven to earth. The broad lake lying at its foot, was ruffled into sweeping shadows by the crisp night-breeze; and silence, darkness, melancholy, brooded yet one moment over all.

One moment. With the next, from height to height resounded, loud and clear and merrily, the "lurar-voices," sweet-toned shepherd pipers; and at their summons, upon every dark-browed hill was set a crown of flame. Ere long those bonfires of the Valborgsmas lit up the earth and heavens from far and wide, until they were shut out by higher and more distant peaks, which yet left all the skies in wavering, mellow glowings as of sunset-tide.

In every hill, that glow flashed into view a knot of peasantry in holiday attire. The varying costumes of Dalarna parishes—

the red and yellow, or more sombre, yet not less picturesque, black and white—contrasted prettily as strongly, while the peasants joined hands with the gentry met together there to form the Valborg ring, and dance around the fire roused to ruddier burning. For by that dance, those fires in their honors, Dalarna has been wont, from far back into heathendom, to win over to good will the elves and spirits of the air, who, buried under ground all winter long, steal up to their blithe, summer frolics hidden in the bosom of the opening flowers. On their release, so wild with joy and mischief are they, that unless propitiated, they are prone to play all sorts of pranks with dairy, orchard, garden-close, and field.

But suddenly one young girl started from the merry round in breathless haste. Her eyes, dilated with horror, were following the heavy flight of a great owl which had that instant, unobserved by any other of those May-eve pilgrims, brushed with solemn wing her half-averted cheek; and now betook its ill-omened self to a more distant pine-tree whence it might continue unmolested to blink round at the dark. Elin well knew what a sure sign of danger looming in the future, any evil shape of beast or bird foretold, by stealing thus within the charmed circle of the Valborg dance.

Heart-sick, she drew apart unseen. What could it bode, that bird, which, from its covert, hooted forth a sharp, wild cry, as if in answer to her thoughts? What could it bode, but—woe to Erick Orn? The only evil which had power to touch her near, with burning blushes and fast-beating heart, she now acknowledged to herself. She wandered from the spot where bursts of song accompanying the dance, or merriment round some provision-basket being unpacked in the clear glow, struck on her hearing like a taunt.

And where was Erick? Three unending days had ended since that night, and she had heard no word of him. That he should remember her—no, that assuredly was not to be imagined. Yet if she but knew—. How noble, and how true and brave he looked that night, confronting all! With not one friend to stand by him—the traitor souls!

Such thoughts were whirling through her mind, as she paused upon a cliff which overleaned far Silja. And the tears came fast. Hot rushing tears, and sobs, broke from the heart which beat so chill and heavy underneath the fur-cloak over which she wrung her hands. And one word would repeat itself amid those sobs—an "Erik, Erik!"—almost lower than the rustle in the pine-boughs closing round.

Among those pines, those crags, dwelt there a something like an Irish echo, which gave back an answer to her cry! For surely, "Elin! Elin!" was breathed near; but in a tone as thrillingly glad as hers was sorrowful.

She turned herself about.

Down through the tree behind, fell ruddy flickerings from the fires above. Against the truuk, there leaned a man; and while the stalwart figure in dark blue

was left in shade, the noble head, with wavy masses of fair hair, and the deep eyes fixed earnestly upon the maiden, flashed out in relief.

Well might those eyes fix on the lovely picture, framed in by the setting of the lake, now gleaming in reflected burnishing. A right fair Norse picture—the slight form in graceful garb of black and white, while the Broka-cap, which in her hurried movement she had thrown back, left uncovered glittering braids of gold interwoven with a scarlet ribbon, thus resembling a scattered red-bud garland wound again and again around the pretty head.

But not long did he gaze in well-pleased, criticising silence, while the sweet eyes drooped from his, the rosy mouth just quivered in a smile. He called her—"Elin!"—once again, and she sank into his extended arms.

"Thou lovest me, Elin? Heaven be praised! Then shall I battle with my fate so bravely! But—ah, is it for a ruined man—disgraced in all men's sight—to speak of love to thee?"

The chord of bitterness within his voice, touched her to the quick. She hid her face upon his shoulder, but she said in tones where mirth was mixed with tears:

"Art thou then rightly satisfied that thou didst speak of love to me? Or was it I who told thee—told thee—"

Confessions and counter-confessions—that grim bird was compelled to listen to them all—being, as the bird of wisdom, loth to disturb herself with seeking out another pine with sheltering hollow in its blasted trunk. But the grey attendant of the heavenly maid could not certainly in patience bear to hear the follies shyly whispered by this earthly maid. And so, intending to break in upon them with a scornful 'Humph!' she stretched her solemn visage, and gave voice to a something partaking of the nature of both a scream and a stifled chuckle.

Elin raised a face aghast.

"Erik! Didst thou hear?"—she whispered—"Was it not the goblin laugh which haunts the mountain-wood, and jeers when ill is to betide? Thou saidst, we shall tryst a blither tryst upon another Valborgsmas, when thou mayst proudly claim this bride, and none will wish to say thee nay. That laugh—it mocked at this, perhaps—"

"Nay, little Elin, it was but a warning that the moon is rising over yonder mountain, and I must begone. The promised pledge, thou dear one, ere I heed the warning!"

She had loosed one heavy tress from its sister-coronals, and silently for answer severed it, and with soft wavering flush as silently permitted him to lift it and her hand together, forcing her to place the tress upon his breast.

"There, for life and for death, Elin—" he said.

A faint smile stole across her lips.

"They say thou hast all maiden's hearts, best Erik. May it not then happen that some brighter braid—"

She stopped. She had forgotten how the day was darkly set, wherein any heart would give it-

self into his keeping. He remembered. The swift loosing of her hand reminded her. Reminded, only that two firm small hands should straightway nestle to his hold.

"Ah, wouldst thou let me go with thee—" began she in a blushful murmur.

But he interrupted.

"Nay—rather this gold sunshine of thine shall keep my heart warm even in the darkest depths of Fahlun's mines. I will not take thee to a ruined life; but, Elin, thou dear, faithful one upon some better Valborgsmas the gracious Lord God shall roll away the darkness from between us. Then, unscorned by any, thou shalt—thus—lie on my breast."

He held her closely there one moment—then as suddenly released her. And through blinding tears she watched him spring down from the cliff, and fling himself from bough to bough, from crag to crag. Till presently a skiff shot from a cove across the lake, and one within, resting an instant on his oars, turned round to wave a last—a last farewell.

Those flames of Valborgsmas had quenched themselves in ashes fifty years ago; when just before the fires blazed forth once on summit far and wide in calm Dalarna, miles away from Silja Lake a solitary woman journeyed where the town of Fahlun rose through smoke-wreaths of its copper-mines. With feeble steps and slow, supported by her staff, the aged wanderer neared the smoke which drifted upward from the earth, and rolled in mist-cascades along the cliffs and steeps of slag; or burst forth like the blaze of battle beating murkily where peak and crag in wild similitude of tower and battlement, hung threateningly above the narrowed way.

The woman moved like those who walk in dreams. She never lifted up her sunken head to look to right or left, as she passed other roads which opened from the main one, into other black and straightened ways and streets of the half-burnt metal. Only once she faltered, paused, and stood there listening; bowed lower yet, as if in fear; her shaking hands clasping the staff, while a moan struck her quivering lips apart:

"The Laugh! the Laugh! It mocks me again, as on that Valborgsmas. Was it but one Valborgsmas ago? Ah, I am now so weary, and the days were long, long! Erik, shall we keep the tryst together here? That laugh on Silja—I have fled from it, best Erik, lest it should mock thee and keep thee away."

It was the tinkling fall of copper-stained waters dropping through a cliff against the town. And as she listened for the phantom-voice again in vain, she went once more mechanically on.

Before her, sulphurous tongues of fire lapped against the city looming in a mist through which the brilliant sunset wove a thousand threads and bands of rose and gold. Fair sheltering hills on one side stretch toward Silja, and conceal a maze of lovely vales and lakes. Green fields break into stony districts, and long-lingering glittering snow-slopes smooth away, as with a soft white hand, the ruggedness. But beyond the

town, mine-fumes have parched both wood and slope, and left a naked desolation, with discolored springs dripping and oozing through the scant, seared herbage and the stones—grave stones of the blossoms which died centuries ago, all draped in pall of black funereal lichens.

A grim desolated ruin, notwithstanding all the wealth of ore hid deep within its bosom, was this neighborhood; and ever had been, far beyond the memory of man through generations after generations back. But not more desolate, not more a ruin, hardly farther passed away from memory in its beauty and its youth than this lorn creature tottering on her way amidst the barrenness. The subterranean fires breathed their sharp and poisonous breath upon the blooming forests and the verdant hills, and sapped their very life. And no less had they withered up her life long years ago, when Erik vanished in their mists, and never more emerged, though May-day Eve had come and gone, and come and gone again. Beneath the pine had Elin trysted, first with hope, then disappointment, doubt, and at the last despair and madness. But this Spring, a roving impulse seized and forced her to retrace the steps to Fahlun, which she once had taken when the lagging feet were swift with hopes and fears, the dim eyes bright with expectation and anxiety, the weary lips eager and quick with questions. Questions none could solve. One answering to Erik Orn's description, it is true, had laboured with his fellow miners from one May-day till its eve drew near again. But after that, he had been seen no more. Where he was gone, or why, none could reply; and few had cared to ask, since he had lived among them solitary, distant, and unknown. She had wandered back toward Silja that same night, as haggard, and the self-same ruin in heart and brain, as now she wandered here again.

Through the well-ordered streets, and by the comfortable houses, she passed on. In balconies, and round the doorways, were gay groups, and sounds of laughter and glad greetings, as the neighbors met together for the May-Eve pilgrimage to wood-crowned heights without the reach of the smoke's blasting touch. Some careless eyes, some soft with pity, rested on the lonely passer-by; and more than once the light laugh checked itself, as overawed unconsciously, in presence of a sorrow mightier than all moan. But Elin went her way without a glance.

The mining district rose to view in huts and hills against the lurid flickering of flames which tossed up showers of stars to fill the skies where milder, heavenlier stars were not yet ready to appear. As Elin reached the mine-house, its clock was chiming the hour of release to workmen who were not to labor in the night. The dying cadence of the bell, the sinking of the calm, soft sunset wind, brought somewhat of their own lull to her restless spirit. She paused there, leaning on the railing which fenced round the opening of the great shaft.—

Across that opening stood a building through which was the descent into the shaft, scores of fathoms deep. From this small open house a flood of firelight streamed—a flood which through ages following ages, ever since the copper was first worked, has never been permitted to die down. For tradition has it, that Thor's hammer first rang in the mighty vaults and endless labyrinth of red, and gold, and emerald halls below; and that he kindled the first flames upon the brink, to melt away the broken chains of the cairn-people so long bound beneath there, by the giant mountain-king.

Through Elin's darkened mind, as she gazed into the black vacuum, came a remembrance of those tales. She listened to the distant, hollow echo of the blasting, and could feel the heaving of earth's bosom, as with a faint sob. The past rushed back upon her, almost clearly. She remembered her long-forgotten doubt of Erik's faithfulness. The space elapsed since then, she knew not; for the second trysting hour seemed just arrived. But a heart-rending terror smote her for the first time. Was he true, and could not come to keep the tryst? Had the great mountain-king at last burst his own fetters, and heaped them on those who had dared intrude into his palace?—Did the stifled groans, the motions, which she heard and felt, break from those captives in the struggle to wrench off the chains which bound them to the subterranean rocks? And Erik—

Dizzy with the sudden fear, she stared down into the dense darkness. But it was not now so dense as to be unillumined by a gleam. Torches were flashing there, at first as faint and dim as glow-worms; and at that great depth appearing to creep as slowly up the shaft's walls, which the flaring made apparent.

Up the stairs cut in those walls, two men who were foremost, seemed to bear some burthen under which they lifted themselves cautiously, with frequent pause for rest. No shout, no cheer passed up or down from laborer to laborer. All the sounds which reached the awakened ear of Elin, were but far off echoings, or the flash and rush of waterfalls through the now empty streets. She watched the torches steadily—as if the years and years of wavering were at an end—when suddenly they vanished beneath her very eyes.

This vanishing was nothing so mysterious, as it appeared to her, still never stiring from the spot, and brushing a wan hand across her brow, as if to clear her wistful vision. For the workmen had but disappeared through one of the doors opening from the shaft to a hidden stairway, which led up into that same small building whence the fire-glow flashed on Elin's worn and grief-bowed figure.

A moment, and that fire-glow was dimmed by persons passing it within the building. When it flashed out once again, it streamed upon a knot of miners in black blouses, and dark, broad-brimmed hats which cast a deeper shadow over grimy features. Elin saw

them come out slowly, slowly—and lay something down upon the great shaft's brink, amid the waving, agitated mass of women, children, workmen, and officials, that now gathered round. Something—the burthen they had borne up from that awful, dim, mysterious deep. Something—the stalwart, hardened men, begrimed with more than the mine's contact, bent over it, their bold eyes softened strangely as they laid it down with tender, reverential touch.

It may be in each mind there stirred the thought, that upon him one day the portals of the earth might close, and comrades have to bear him up and stretch him silent in the sun-glow, where perchance the mother or the sister, bride, or child, would recognize, and stooping drop a tear or kiss upon the death-sealed lips.

No kiss, no tear, was given now. Women whose countenances mirrored the arid bloomless life on hill-sides round, stared down; and from their bosoms, infants wan and pallid and unchildlike in their stillness—day-dawn clouded by the foul breath of the mines—hung forward, stretching forth their puny arms, and pointing, with a weird and startling earnestness in the wee faces, to that rigid, unmoved figure. Awe there was, and curiosity, and some compassion—not one tear—no mourner's sigh—no wail for a heart's life outstretched there stark and cold.

None recognized him as a comrade, and a murmur of amazement went from group to group. He must have perished in the ruined shaft long years ago, one said—else would his face have been familiar.

A movement in the crowd—a swaying to and fro, as swayed the fading sunbeams and the flickering flames. The solitary wanderer had drawn near; and with one consent, as if by instinct, did the men and women there make way for her, until the dying light within her eyes fell where the dying glances of the day yet shone.

As if in slumber he reposed; one arm beneath his head with all its sunny waves of hair undimmed—and in his right hand clenched, the mattock wherewith he had dug his grave. And yet it could not be that this was death! The strong, brave face lay under heaven with a smile upon the lips—a smile brilliant and pure as the reflection of a golden gleam from the opening gates of Paradise. The dark eyes shone beneath their half-closed lids, as though he were just sinking down to sleep in gladsome dreams.

The wayfarer, who had paused to gaze one moment, tottered forward, and sank down, her head upon his breast.

"Erik! Oh Erik! dost thou keep the tryst at last?—" she cried out, with a thrill of joy unutterable in her broken, quavering tones.

The withered cheek pressed to the bronzed and ruddy one—the thin, grey locks entwining with those shining waves—the white, worn lips touching those crimsoned as if with life—the pale eyes dropping rushing tears of joy upon the lowered lashes which now glittered as though he himself were weeping—. And the wrinkled, palsied hand—

The wrinkled, palsied hand was resting on the brawny breast, where crossed a scarlet riband intertwining a gold braid.

The withered cheek pressed to that fresh with youth—the grey hairs mingling with those Time had never touched—the white lips, ever whiter, breathing low and soft the last, faint breath of life across that smiling mouth—the faded eyes, their long watch at an end, their latest tear wept out, now gazing on the self-same dream that stole into his half-shut lids, from Heaven.

Calumny no more hence-forth may wrench apart the hands now clasping in eternal troth-plight underneath the palms, upon the strand of the bright, glorious sea of glass.

And as a miner silently advanced, and reverently covered the two faces to which death should render back alike immortal youth, no dread laugh mocked them from the naked hills around. Nor were tears wanting. For with one accord the multitude sank down upon their knees, awe-stricken in the presence of death. And of a stronger than death—whose faithfulness had broken down the barrier of the grave, and kept the tryst at last.

At last. Just as the sunset faded out, and crimson fires of Valborgsmas shot up the gloaming skies.

BABY POWER.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Six little feet to cover,
  Six little hands to fill,
Tumbling out in the clover,
  Stumbling over the sill.
Six little stockings ripping,
  Six little shoes half worn,
Spite of that promised whipping,
  Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!
Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
  Heedless of bites and stings,
Walls and furniture scratching,
  Twisting off buttons and strings.
Into the sugar and flour,

Into the salt and meal,
Their royal, baby power,
All through the house we feel!
Behind the big stove creeping,
To steal the kindling wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "somesin dood."
The dogs they tease to snarling,
The chickens know no rest,
Yet—the old cook calls them "darling,"
And loves each one "the best."
Smearing each other's faces,
With smut or blacking-brush,
To forbidden things and places,
Always making a rush.
Over a chair, or table,
They'll fight, and kiss again
When told of slaughtered Abel,
Or cruel, wicked Cain.
All sorts of mischief trying,
On sunny days—in doors—
And then perversely crying
To rush out when it pours.
A raid on Grand-ma making,
—In spite her nice new cap,—
Its strings for bridles taking,
While riding on her lap.
Three rose-bud mouths beguiling,
Prattling the live-long day,
Six sweet eyes on me smiling,
Hazle, and blue, and gray.—
Hazle—with heart-light sparkling,
Too happy, we trust, to fade—
Blue—'neath long lashes darkling,
Like violets in the shade.
Gray—full of earnest meaning,
A dawning light so fair,
Of woman's life beginning,
We dread the noon-tide glare
Of earthly strife, and passion,
May spoil its tender glow,

Change its celestial fashion,
As earth-stains change the snow!
Three little heads, all sunny,
To pillow and bless at night,
Riotous Alick and Dunnie,
Jinnie, so bonnie and bright!
Three souls immortal slumber,
Crowned by that golden hair,
When Christ his flock shall number,
Will all *my* lambs be there?
Now with the stillness round me,
I bow my head and pray,
"Since this faint heart has found thee,
Suffer them not to stray."
Up to the shining portals,
Over life's stormy tide,
Treasures I bring—immortal,
Saviour be thou my guide.

Lexington, Ky., 1868.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

This stately pile is situated in a westerly direction from London, at a distance of about twenty miles. Founded by William the Conqueror, first as a military fortress, and afterwards converted into a palace, it has been enlarged and improved by different sovereigns, but received the last, magnificent alterations in the time of George IV., portions of the work being only completed since the reign of Queen Victoria.

The Castle itself, on a lofty eminence, has an imposing grandeur, from its great extent, its beautiful church, its circular towers; the great Central Tower being over three hundred feet in circumference, and near three hundred feet in height above the level of the Home Park. The first view of the State apartments however, was a disappointing one. They were far less spacious and magnificent than I anticipated, a feeling which would perhaps be experienced by any one who had had the misfortune to have first seen the Parisian palaces. And yet doubtless, a visit to Windsor and its environs leaves a much more agreeable impression on the mind.

Perhaps some slight allusions to

the principal apartments would not be devoid of interest to those who have never seen them.

We ascended the "Grand Staircase" of marble, an appropriate entrance to the noble edifice, and passing through the vestibule, where hangs the portrait of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, the architect who planned the last, elegant improvements in the palace, we entered the Queen's Audience chamber. This, though small, is rather pleasing, its ceiling, painted by Verrio, represents Queen Catherine in a triumphal car, and attended by the Goddesses of flowers, grain and fruits, an emblem of Great Britain. The Gobelin Tapestry decorating the walls, represents portions of the history of Queen Esther and Mordecai. There were also a few portraits, the most interesting, those of William III, and his amiable Queen Mary.

Next is the Vandyck room, so called, from its containing numerous portraits, chiefly of English royalty, by that favorite artist of the 17th century. The State-anteroom, very small, has a ceiling also painted by Verrio, a banquet of the Gods. Here are seen some specimens of carving by Gibbons, which are very beautiful, and a portrait in stained glass of George the Third. The Waterloo chamber has more than ordinary architectural beauty, and contains many portraits by different artists, chiefly of illustrious characters, kings and others, of the various continental nations. Among the English portraits, is one of the Hon. George Canning, once Prime Minister, and a very fine one of the Duke of Wellington as he appeared on the day of thanksgiving after the battle of Waterloo. The Queen's State drawing room called the Zuccarelli room, from its containing some fine paintings by that artist, embracing Scripture scenes, landscapes, and the portraits of the three Kings George, is very elegantly fitted up, from some glimpses we obtained of the partially covered furniture. The grand reception room is the first which commends itself to the eye as palatial in its proportions. It is ninety feet in length, thirty-three in height, and thirty-four in breadth, and with the profusion of rich gilding and carving, the magnificent chandeliers, the numerous elegant mirrors, and the Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes from heathen mythology, is really brilliant and imposing. St. George's Hall, the grand banqueting room, in which is the throne, is still more spacious, being two hundred feet in length, the breadth and height about the same as the preceding. The ceiling is decorated with a confusing number and variety of armorial bearings of the Knights of the Garter from its origin to the present time. On the walls are the portraits of all the sovereigns from James First to George the Fourth.

What strikes a stranger is the number of ancient portraits dispersed throughout the State apartments. And there is a peculiar interest attaches to them. They are an impressive kind of history. The attitudes, the strange costumes, even the very

countenances, we fancy, partake of the peculiarities of the times in which they lived. As we linger among them, there seems a floating around us of dim and shadowy beings, a dreamy realizing of the past, and a confused mingling of events, partly pleasing, partly painful, according to their fate or character. These now silent, decorators of this noble Hall, each in his turn feasted his guests at the broad, oaken table extending almost its entire length. Here have been spread, again and again, not merely a profusion of delicious viands, but the wine-cup has often circulated but too freely, the sounds of mirth and revelry often extending far beyond the midnight hour. It is pleasant to know that it has witnessed none of these disgraceful scenes during the reign of the present Sovereign. The court of England has, it is thought, never been so pure as since the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria.

It has indeed been characterized by a propriety, and decorum, which is a worthy example to families in the most retired walks of life, and is believed to have had a happy influence in elevating the tone of society of every class in this country.

I have been informed too, that the Queen has had her daughters well instructed, not only in needle-work, so that they were able to work the most common articles of apparel, but also in culinary matters, and that they have often treated their parents to charming little pic-nics in the garden, every article of which had been prepared by their own hands. They had also their garden plots, cultivated and kept in order by themselves, each having her own light set of garden tools. Lady Russell, as the story goes, while calling one day, requested to see their vegetable gardens. The young misses proudly showed her through, when she was of course profuse in her compliments. "Oh but you must have some to carry home with you," exclaimed they with generous enthusiasm, no doubt feeling they were making a most acceptable gift. The noble lady, with some surprise intimated that she would not trouble them so much. But the young ladies went to work and soon had out of the soil some of their finest specimens, which had to be safely stored in her carriage. I have sometimes, happily not often, heard young ladies boast that they did not know how to work. A real or affected ignorance, which perhaps resulted from an idea that such homely knowledge is associated with poverty. The Queen of England, living in rather good style and having at least a comfortable income has not disdained such valuable training for her daughters, nor have they disdained to acknowledge it.

The Royal stables are not unworthy of a visit. We found them neat as a parlor, and such a display of beautiful animals, from the large, strong harness horses down to the daintiest little ponies, as it was pleasant to look upon. There were four extremely small, which the Queen sometimes drives alone in a light carriage, and a number of beautiful medium ponies, some Arabians,

for the saddle, used by the young princes and princesses. There are also a great number and variety of conveyances, from the light-garden chaises, the family carriages used in the Home Park, to the road carriages of wagon-like strength. Yet there was little ornamentation, every thing in quiet taste.

We saw some light, low carriages, with but one seat, in which the young princesses drive alone the well-trained pony, through the delightful avenues of the park. While we were strolling in the park the Princess Christina drove by, in an open pony carriage, a lady friend by her side, and a servant occupying a seat in the rear.

Such rural occupations and pleasures give us pleasant ideas of the royal family, who seem greatly to prefer them to the pomp and pageantry of court.—The rest of the family were absent at that time at their favorite residence, Balmoral, in Scotland, where the Queen spends so much of her time of late years, that the English people are wont to complain. We felt as if scarcely any place could be more attractive than Windsor. There are suberb views from the castle and terraces, but especially, from the lofty Central Tower the prospect is most extensive and beautiful. It embraces, too, some objects of special interest, as the venerable college of Eton, with its handsome grounds and walks, some miles away; the former residence of the family of William Penn, if I am not mistaken, still occupied by some of his descendants, and near to it, Stoke church, the scene of Gray's Elegy, and afterwards his burial place. The Thames, here a clear and lovely stream, is a charming feature in the landscape, as it winds, in many a curve, for miles away, amid the most exquisite scenery. All this portion of England is wanting in any bold, majestic features, such as characterize Scotland, as the rugged heather-covered hills, chain beyond chain, sublime in shadow, glorious in sunlight, the little valleys, with their rushing streams, the cascades tumbling over rocks, and all the startling, diversified variety of prospect, constantly unfolding to the eye of the delighted traveler. But in quiet, peaceful beauty, this, perhaps, is not surpassed in all the world. Gently undulating, there are often points whence the eye surveys miles of the rich, garden-like scenery.—Numerous pretty villages, each with its church spires pointing heavenward, adorn the prospect. And then the country villas, with charming parks, the neatest cottages, with their clinging vines, and beds of brilliant flowers, the silvery stream, winding among the meadows and waving fields of grain, the grazing flocks of sheep, or herds of deer or cattle, the noble avenues of elms, the massive groups of venerable oaks and beech, diffusing over the rich, green sward, that exquisite intermingling of softened light and shadow, all, all so softly, inexpressibly beautiful.

The mind luxuriates amid such scenery, and the heart thrills with grateful emotion to the author, for the quiet happiness it enjoys

within itself, and sees so richly spread around.

It is gratifying to know that these innocent enjoyments are accessible to great numbers. On all the holidays, which the customs of the English church make frequent here, thousands and thousands of people rush to the country in different directions; the numerous steamers and railways, bringing excursion tickets within reach of the poorest of the working classes. We can easily imagine, how grateful to these refugees from the noisy, smoky city must be the purity, the quiet, and the freshness of the country. It has been with no little pleasure that we have seen them loitering along the overarching avenues, or sitting on the grass beneath the shadowing trees whiling away the time in pleasant talk, or enjoying luncheon brought from home. Here is a family group, the little ones, in very joy, skipping over the verdant carpet. There is another, all radiant in the lovely freshness and merriment of youth. Yonder, a little more distant, is a youthful couple (mayhap lovers,) well pleased, we fancy, to have a quiet talk over the rain-bow-tinted future amid the congenial scenes of nature. Thus we see them, of all ages, luxuriating in the quiet pleasures which nature offers to every one. The parks and gardens accessible to them, without expense, except the trifling railway fares, are very numerous, and some of the very beautiful, as Windsor, the Kem Gardens, the parks at Hampton court and Richmond, and many others. I remember to have seen a year or two since in a book of travels by a Mr. Haven, a Bostonian I believe, very bitter comments on the selfishness of royalty and nobility in England, for appropriating such extent of soil to parks and pleasure grounds, when it might be turned to so much better account, if divided among poor laborers. He grows especially indignant, when contemplating the extent and beauty of Windsor park and forest, and predicts, if I remember rightly, that the day is coming, when the people shall arise in their might and throw off a rule, which deprived them of so many of their rights and privileges. But it seems a most singular and contracted view. The several hundred acres in these parks, if subdivided into little farms, would, perhaps, afford a plain subsistence to several hundred families. But even in that community, another generation would find it necessary to emigrate, as many thousands now do annually, to the colonies, or to flock to the cities to seek employment in the various manufacturing or commercial interests. Thus a perpetual good would be sacrificed, only to postpone for a limited period, a change of occupation or climate for a few hundred people, a change too, not necessarily involving evil, and often great advantages.

We say a perpetual good. Now, these parks are a source of pleasure, may we not say, of substantial benefit to hundreds of thousands, a common property, where all can equally enjoy their leisure. The necessities of man's nature require not merely, that

the body have its food and raiment: sad indeed is it, where such is the only aim of life. But the mind, the soul must also have its appropriate nourishment, and every means, every association, having any tendency to elevate human beings above a merely animal existence serves a noble purpose.

Such is the tendency of any well directed system of education of the pulpit, and in greater or less degree of the innumerable works of art or nature.

Who can estimate the advantages to these multitudes of people necessarily pent up for the greater part of their time within the crowded city, of the privilege of wandering in these lovely places, where art combines to render nature only more attractive and enjoyable.

Were it not for these powerful inducements to the country, with its health-inspiring atmosphere and pleasing scenery, what multitudes would be added to the list of those, who already spend their holidays in the public house, and in scenes of revelry, alike destroying to the soul and body. And how different the return of evening to the respective parties. The latter, if not inebriated, at least often exhausted and irritable from the unnatural excitement of the day. The former reinvigorated, and carrying home a store of pleasant memories for many a future day. It is a happy fact, that all the glorious things in art or nature, once seen with an appreciative eye, become a kind of perpetual property of the mind.—They hang up in memory's gallery lovely pictures, more or less distinct, and which often give a pleasant coloring to the thoughts amid the daily employments of life.

We may safely conclude, that England, with her populous cities, could not well do without her charming country seats also. They are, perhaps, among the best conservators of the morals and happiness of her people, which is the surest foundation of a Government.

S. D. H.

ORCHARDS.

As the nut-bearing trees of the temperate zone were treated of in a former number of this Magazine, we will confine our attention to those which are not usually classed, in popular estimation, amongst the valuable nut-bearing trees, viz: the oaks which produce edible acorns, the beech, the salisburia and the nut-bearing evergreens.

THE OAK is the king of forest trees, the Arcadians believed it to have been the first created of all trees, and from its majestic beauty, we must suppose it had its place in Eden, and had the dual Eden character, comprising

goodness for food as well as pleasantness to the sight. If the apple degenerated under the paralyzing influence of the curse into the crab, from what noble fruit must the oak have degenerated, and to what excellence may we hope to see it restored. When man labors in the sweat of his brow, with patient faith to remove the curse, God's blessing comes benignly to his aid, and he has cause to rejoice in his labor.

The Grammont oak (*Quercus gramuntia*) a native formerly of the wood of Grammont, near Montpelier, France, and is still growing wild in great abundance, in some of the forests of Spain. It is quite hardy, maturing its acorns in England, which are said to be "as good as, or superior to the chestnut." It is thus described by Captain S. C. Cook: "The tree is very much like the Italian ever-green oak (*Quercus ilex*) its nearest congener, but the leaves are thicker and more rounded at the point, and the head of the tree is more compact. The great and essential difference, however, consists in the nuts, which are edible, and when in perfection, are as good as, or superior to a chestnut. To give this sweetness, they must be kept; as, at first, they have a considerable taste of the tannin, like those of other species, which disappears in a few days, and accounts for the scepticism of some writers who assert that both sweet and bitter acorns are the fruit of the same tree. The Sweet acorned Oak (*Quercus ballota*) is a native of Greece and a large, handsome evergreen tree. The acorns are cylindrical, and an inch and a half, or two inches long, eatable and very palatable, according to Prof. Desfontaines, and used, either in a fresh state or roasted.

The Round-leaved Spanish Oak, (*Quercus rotundifolia*) a native of Spain—"leaves stalked, an inch or more in length, glaucus-gray, and not quite smooth above; white and cottony beneath. The acorns are said to be large and long and eatable like chestnuts." (Rees' Cyclopedia.)

The Cluster-fruited Oak (*Quercus spicata*) is described by Dr. Buchanan, who remarks, "that the acorns are eatable, but not very good; they are of the size and shape of a large filbert, even, pointed, dark brown; the cups short and scaly.

Quercus tribuloides was also discovered by that able botanist, Dr. Francis Buchanan. He found it in Upper Nepaul, Hindostan, and after describing the tree says: "Its great peculiarity consists in the acorns, which are eatable, and in in some of our specimens, seem even to split into two or three valves like chestnuts.

Quercus cuspidata, Pointed Japan Oak. The species appears, by its prickly cup, to be allied to the Fagus family, especially as Kœmpfer calls it *Fagus folia fraxini*, and describes its dry cup as splitting into three, four or five parts. The nut is eaten by the Japanese both raw and cooked.

Quercus esculus is the Italian, or small prickly cupped oak, and as its name imports, is used for food.

The *Quercus persica* and *Quercus pyrami* have also edible fruit. In our own country Michaux describes the chestnut-leaved white oak (*Quercus prinus*) as having a pleasant tasted nut, and also the swamp white oak, (*Quercus bicolor,*) which is nearly allied to the former, and of which it is said: "The nuts are sweet and nutritious, like most of the *prinus* tribe."

These oaks being mostly of foreign growth, are not found in our nurseries, but many of our large nurserymen have constant communication with the gentlemen of their own profession in Europe, and could, doubtless, obtain the acorns of any of these varieties for their customers. We would particularly recommend the Quercus ballota, which is described as a large, evergreen tree. Some persons think the ballota and gramuntia are identical. Our own evergreen oak, *Quercus virens*, grows as far North as Norfolk, Virginia, and all these foreign varieties are probably allied to it, and would flourish in the same latitude. This oak of all varieties is so valuable for timber, that it is worth planting by the thousand for that purpose alone. There is no tree more valuable for timber than our evergreen oak—it is almost imperishable. In Scotland, in 1733, Duke James of Athol commenced planting the larch over whole districts. In 1819 a British frigate, built of these trees was launched upon the ocean, and he left to his family "the blessed legacy of about fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-three English acres of ground, which consumed above *twenty-seven millions four hundred and thirty-one thousand and six hundred trees!* Under the larch the land becomes most valuable pasture, worth from eight to ten shillings an acre for this purpose alone, where it was not worth one shilling before.

THE BEECH is also so beautiful that we think it must have had its place in Eden, and that the little, sweet, oily nut it bears was once large and delicious, and very "good for food." Its name, the beechen tree, always brings up poetical images, and makes one feel inclined to carol forth in the words of Campbell's familiar poem—

"As love's own altar honor me—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree."

Downing says the best use to which the nuts are applied is in the manufacture of oil, which is scarcely inferior to olive. This is produced from the nuts of the beech forests in the department of Oise, France, in immense quantities; more than a million of sacks of the nuts being collected in that department in a single season.—They are reduced when perfectly ripe, to a fine paste, and the oil is extracted by gradual pressure.—The product of oil, compared with the crushed nuts, is about 16 per cent.

The *Salisburia* or Ginko tree was brought to this country from Japan, and flourishes like a native. It was planted by Mr. Hamilton, at Woodlands near Philadelphia, in 1784, and the largest of those then planted had attained a height of sixty feet in 1840. A

fine specimen also stood on the north side of Boston common, to which spot it had been transplanted from the grounds of Gardiner Green, Esq., after it had attained a growth of thirty or forty feet. Mr. Landreth, of Philadelphia, has a Salisburia which now forms quite a handsome tree. It is said to grow to an enormous size in its native country, with a trunk forty feet in circumference. It is a very singular and beautiful tree. The leaves are wedged shaped, or somewhat triangular, attached to the petioles at one of the angles, and are of a pale yellowish green color; the ribs or veins, instead of diverging from the central mid-rib of the leaf are all parallel, almost exactly like those of the beautiful Maidenhair fern (*Adiantum*) common to our woods, except that they are three or four times as large. The bark is somewhat soft and leathery, and on the trunk and branches, assumes a singular tawny yellow color. The tree grows rapidly, and is nearly allied to the Pine family, being apparently a link between the coniferæ and exogenous trees. The fruit is a drupe about an inch in length, containing a nut, which is highly esteemed in China and Japan, and is constantly seen for sale in their markets. They are eaten after being roasted or boiled, and are considered excellent. Young Salisburia trees may be obtained from Mr. P. J. Berckman's, at Fruitland nurseries, near Augusta, Ga.

Evergreen Fruit Bearing Trees have not attracted the attention to which their great beauty and utility entitle them.

The Stone Pine (*Pinus pinea*) furnishes a nut which forms an article of export from Greece, and is a commercial commodity in the markets of Turkey and Syria. In Italy they are much used, the tree being common to that country also. The nuts supply the place of almonds in various articles of cookery, and that they have done so from remote antiquity, appears from their having been found among the domestic stores of the pantries of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There is no tree in Europe which surpasses the stone pine in picturesque beauty. "Its vast canopy supported on a naked column of great height, forms one of the chief and peculiar beauties in Italian scenery, and in the living landscapes of Claude."—Dr. W. M. Thompson in describing the stone pine, in Palestine, says: "The cone from which the nut is obtained is very large and compact. When ripe, it is gathered by the owners of the forests and thoroughly dried upon the roofs of houses. In drying, the cone separates into many compartments, from each of which drops a smooth white nut. The shell is very hard, and within is the kernel, which is much used in making pillau or other preparations of rice, and also in various kinds of sweetmeats. In the Arabic Bible, the *myrrh* which the Ishmaelites, who purchased Joseph, were carrying into Egypt, is called *snubar*, and the name *snubar* is applied by the Arabs to the stone pine. In Hebrew *ers* is the distinctive name for the cedar, and *berosh* for the pine; and if

this is in truth the *berosh* of the Bible, scarcely any other tree is more frequently mentioned, and this would be in exact correspondence with its actual value." The stone pine, although it is a native of the south of Europe, is hardy in England, and Downing thought would stand our winters south of Philadelphia.

The SWISS STONE PINE (*Pinus cembra*) is hardy in every portion of the United States, and is one of the most interesting of the Pine family. The fruit is similar to the Italian stone pine, but the shell is thinner.

The NUT-PINE of California is thus described in Hittell's Resources of California. "The nut-pine (*Pinus sabiniana*) is remarkable as a conifer for its spreading top, and for its large cones filled with edible seeds. Its branches spread out somewhat after the manner of a maple; rarely more than sixty feet high, though often with a trunk four feet in diameter—a thickness of trunk only found in other conifers of double this height. The nuts are larger than the common white bean, and are very palatable. The Indians formerly relied upon this tree for a considerable portion of their food.

The NUT-BEARING YEW (*Taxus nucifera*) is a native of Japan, from the fruit of which the Japanese extract an oil, much esteemed for culinary purposes. There is also the Torreya nucifera, a hardy nut-bearing evergreen, which might possibly be developed into something valuable.

The TORREYA CALIFORNICA (called in California "wild nutmeg") is a graceful and beautiful evergreen, found in the coast mountains, near San Francisco. It grows from fifty to seventy-five feet high, and produces a fruit about the size and shape of a nutmeg, which has too strong a terebinthine taste to be palatable. It has only one of the Eden characteristics as yet, but having one, it ought to have the other, and we hope some Van Mons will take hold of it, and restore it to its full Eden heritage.

We now come to the last and most magnificent and perhaps valuable class of fruit-bearing evergreens, the ARAUCARIAS.—The nuts are nutritious and excellent, and borne in immense abundance.

The CHILI PINE (*Araucaria imbricata*) is the first of this species, and is now to be found in all our first class nurseries. A fine specimen grows in the grounds of the late Mr. Lyon, of Columbia, S. C. This tree has a wide range of latitude—being found from 27 deg. to 48 deg. South latitude—which in our hemisphere would embrace an extent of country reaching from the upper portion of Canada to Florida. It grows without protection in Scotland. It is one of the most striking and peculiar of trees, "distinguished by its close scale-like foliage, closely overlaid or imbricated, and its horizontal branches, springing out from the trunk in whorls or circles, and the immense globular cones, containing the fruit, which is of the shape of the almond but twice as large.—A single cone will contain between two and three hundred of

these nuts, and they furnish the Indians of the Andes their chief supply of food.

The AUSTRALIAN ARAUCARIA (*Araucaria bidwellii*) called by the natives *bunya-bunya*, is not quite so hardy as the preceding, and will not stand the winters of England; but has not, so far as we know, been tried in the Southern United States. Its height is said to be immense, sometimes presenting a naked trunk of one hundred and sixty feet, before the branches begin to appear; which, in old trees in the wild state, only grow near the tops, owing to the want of light in the woods;—but if planted out in an open space, they feather down quite to the ground. The leaves are of a rich, dark green, and the cones are sometimes twenty-seven inches in length and twenty-five inches in diameter—they are also of a beautiful green before they become quite ripe.—The nut is about an inch and a half in length. The natives assemble in great numbers, often from a distance of several hundreds of miles, to obtain these nuts, of which they are extravagantly fond. "Each tribe claims its own peculiar set of trees, and each family, as well as each individual, has a particular allotment. These rights are handed down from generation to generation with the greatest exactness, and if any one is found at a tree not his own, a fight is the inevitable consequence. This is believed to be the only hereditary personal property of the native Australians and is therefore generally adhered to with the greatest respect."

CONCERNING HEROES.

"O nimis optato seclorum tempore nati
Heroes salvete, Deum genus!"

A well-known English writer, distinguished no less for the terseness and vigor of his style, than for a certain air of quaintness and originality which pervades it, has written a book in praise of Heroes and in vindication of Hero-worship; and, despite the manifest *outward* tendency of the age toward realism, his subject seems well-chosen.

Hero-worship is as much an instinct of human nature *now*, as it was in the days when temples were reared to Theseus and vows paid to Hercules. There must ever be in man, lurking somewhere in the unfathomable depths of his heart, a propensity to reverence the ideal of human excellence,—the realization of the "grand possibilities" enshrined in

his own nature. Hence that attraction which the ingenuous school-boy feels toward the heroic types of antiquity, the pleasure with which he contemplates the glowing pictures of the past,—Leonidas checking the Persian myriads at the mountain gates of Greece, Horatius at the bridge, or the self-devotion of the Decii. It matters not that he dimly perceives the fabulous nature of the bases whereon his admiration rests; the fables, if such they be, are alike invented and applied by man, and are altogether within the conception of the human mind: that they are within its realization also, history goes far to show him. The boy, who thus

> "Worships in Romance
> The spirit of the buried time,"

is but the precursor of the *man*, who regards with loving veneration the characters of those bright historic exemplars, that gem, like stars, the sky of time, shedding a soft radiance over the polar frigidness of humanity, as the weird gleams of the aurora cast a roseate hue upon the icebergs of unknown, mysterious seas.

But whether there be, or be not, this tendency toward a worship of the God-like in man, it is no part of our purpose to inquire: sufficient to know, some there are who feel its influence, and believe themselves the better for it, even while they confess an admiration for those eminently practical men who are superior to such weakness of sentiment.

The word *hero* is one of universal use, but of various application. In order that we may more nearly comprehend the idea it represents, let us attempt a definition—or, rather, exhibition,—of the term with such accuracy and learning as our dictionaries afford.

The interpretation of the original Greek etymon is as various as the application of the modern derivative, which ranges from Hector to Claude Duval, from the demi-god to the dandy, embracing characters the most heterogeneous–Homer uses it as an ordinary title of honor, applying it indiscriminately to all kinds of men, much as our backwoodsman salutes every comer as Colonel or Major, in the absence of any known title of address. We do not find in the original language the meaning which we wish to affix to the word, but evolve it from the Erse cognate "*Earr*, noble, grand,—*a champion*." The idea of something *noble* is inseparable from the character of the true hero, and in this sense we take *grand* to be synonymous. Heroism imports seemingly superhuman qualities: Hume says of the Marquis of Montrose, that something "*Vast* and *unbounded* characterized his actions and deportment." Mere *physical* excellence cannot, of itself, constitute a hero, as mere courage, which is the noblest of the physical qualities, cannot be rated among the virtues; even when accompanied by loyalty, or devotion to principle, it may often be resolved into professional pride and personal honor.

The true heroes are the strivers in the cause of *right*, from love of right, and this it is, which chiefly constitutes the heroism of which we wish to treat. Herein consists

the difference between the hero and the adventurer, as such. The conceptions of right may be erroneous—for even unbelief may have its martyrs,—but the given cause strenuously supported, or the given acts done, must have found their inspiration in an earnest and impelling faith in their right and justice. Take the three constituent elements of *honor*, according to Mr. Coleridge's definition, — truth, courtesy, and courage,—to them add patriotism (by which we understand devotion rather to the principles represented by a country than to its mere territorial existence,) strong and elevated above interest, and you have the truest conception of *Heroism*. In it is no room for selfishness, or preference of self-interest to that of the cause espoused. The matchless genius of Marlborough, and the dauntless, steady valor of Nelson fail to evoke from our hearts the homage rendered to the less brilliant characters of Wolfe and Collingwood.

Heroism has exhibited itself under manifold types and widely-different phases, in the several stages of the intellectual and moral development of the human race, each marked by individual characteristics, but all retaining some element of the universal principle.

The *Heroic* proper, is also mythic. In the confusion incident to the formation of society, and the transition of man from a savage animal to a rational being, dependent in all things upon his relations with his fellows, the quellers of wrong and champions of nascent civilization were exalted into tutelar demigods. Such appears to have been the origin of the mythic hero-worship. Once deified, the Heroes were worshiped, if not with equal pomp, with more love and sincerety than the Gods themselves: they seemed more nearly akin to man, and their apotheosis, itself, is evidence of their worthiness of human gratitude. It was a natural and beautiful idea that those who had lovingly protected the honor and rights of their land or race, should from the loftier stage of existence to which their virtues had raised them, still exert a tutelary influence in behalf of objects so dear to them in life. That this *was* the prevalent idea we may infer from Hesiod, who says of these children of the Gods (as quoted in the "Republic" of Plato,)

> "They into spirits are changed, earth-haunting, beneficent, holy,
> Mighty to screen us from harm, and of speech-gifted men the protectors."

Society once formed, nations arose by a kind of nebular attraction and citizens took the place of individuals. Then sprang into life the heroism of patriotic devotion. It is difficult to determine the dividing line which separates the too phases: the mythic heroes, from their very office as universal champions, approach more nearly the character of adventurers than is consistent with our idea, save in pre-historic times.

The earliest historical (speaking only of profane history,) and perhaps the noblest, illustration of patriotic heroism, is the Grecian, as it has come down to us decked

in all the blazonry of song and story. The Greeks, in the age of their glory, were the champions of the human intellect, the vanguard of civilization. Marathon and Platæa were victories won, not for Greece alone, but for the human race, triumphs of moral courage over physical force.—There is, in all things, a universality evinced by the Greek mind, which is only to be accounted for by the fact that to every patriot, not his own state alone, but all Hellas was a country. Sparta—stern, cruel, and corruptible in her very scorn of corruption,—must here be excepted.

To Athens we look for the perfection of the Greek genius and of the Greek spirit. To her citizens she stood preëminent, yet claimed her preëminence as the head of the Hellenic states. Beyond the sacred limits of the Amphictyonic lands, all were barbarians, but within those limits many were the civilized usages which might be imitated with advantage by some, at least, of our modern nations. Among the states which celebrated at Elis the mysteries of a common religion, it was deemed a desecration to suspend in the temples of the Gods, trophies won from their brethren, and it was enjoined upon them to make war for the purpose of asserting their rights, and of chastising their enemies without thought of enslaving or destroying them: in short, to act throughout the quarrel as if they expected to become reconciled at its close. These were pagan states, united by no federal tie, with no stronger *nexus* than community of race and religion. The mind of every reader will readily suggest a contrast.

After Greece, Rome; and in Consular Rome we find the grandest examples of heroic patriotism which grace the historic page.—Rome! why, the very name has power, like a magician's wand to invoke visions, and the SPQR is a cabalistic spell mighty to call up shadowy pageants from the mystic realms of fancy;—lictors and augurs, crowned victors and sweeping processions, the long triumph ascending the Sacred Way, the Capitols, the dread Tarpeian and the eternal Forum!

Yet the Roman comes very near our idea of a *mere* patriot—if we may apply the word *mere* to a title which, of itself, ennobles.—Patriotism was his only civic virtue. The Roman character, pillared in majesty and strength, is more suggestive of massive rudeness than of graceful elegance; we see neither volutes, nor acanthus-leaves, but its plinth is patriotism, and its shaft military virtue.

In patriotism, in a willingness to bend all things to the greatness, good or glory of his country, the Roman of the earlier centuries of the republic stands unrivalled,

> "For Romans, in Rome's quarrel
> Spared neither land nor gold,
> Nor limb nor life, nor son nor wife,
> In the brave days of old."

Fidelty to their cause because it *was* their cause, enthusiastic public spirit, fortitude, temperance, sincerity and subordination; these were the virtues of the Roman heroes. On the other hand, we see them tainted with the vices of

arrogance, cruelty and rapacity. Neither charity nor chivalry found a home in the Eternal City, until the religion under which she achieved her greatness had evanished from the earth, all its beautiful creations fading away into the dim cloud-land of poetry, whence they still haunt the world in reverie.

As in the scenic changes of the drama, the beholder is transported in a moment from stately temples and thronged streets to the wave-lashed rocks and elemental strife of ocean, so let us now pass swifuly, across a waste of barren centuries, from the austere pomp of republican Rome, to that wild and wondrous chaos of contending anarchies from whose tumultuous surges our modern civilization has arisen, lovely and powerful as Aphrodite from the mythic sea.

We ignore Carthage with her isolated group of Barcan heroes, the Laocoon of history,—and heed not the august splendors of Imperial Rome nor the gorgeous decadence of the Lower Empire. Nor must we pause to notice the heroism developed by the patriarchal virtues of the children of the desert, enkindled by the fierce enthusiasm of Mohammed; the theme is tempting but the need of philosophic disquisition or critical analysis is too great.

The origin of Chivalry—that agent which wrought order from chaos, and from whose practical workings flow so many of the blessings we are supposed to enjoy,—like that of the Feudal System, has been too often discussed to require comment here, and too exhaustively considered to receive additional light from a farthing candle. It seems, however, but the resultant of Christianity acting upon the spirit of the northern nations, refined by contact with the civilization of the South. In the virtues it groups and represents, it is coincident with heroism, being, at the same time, perhaps, more *objective*.

Chivalry was systematized in the crusades, those colossal displays of the force of opinion, which bent to the attainment of a common end the restless energies of Christendom. The spirit of adventure prevalent throughout Western Europe, and so signally illustrated by the splendid achievments of Norman valor, was quickly enkindled by the fervor of religious enthusiasm, which—until its terrible force was spent—impelled its victims in successive waves against the bulwarks of Moslem power, that encircled the cradle of their Faith. However unmeet the means for the end proposed, and however inconsistent with the spirit of the religion it vindicated, this outburst of Gothic fury must ever afford the world a sublime spectacle, terrific in its wrathful vigor and solemn in its sublimity.

In its very inception, we behold the triumph of the emotional over the physical nature of man, in the frenzied hermit, swaying the people with his wild eloquence until, in the impulse of their own wrapt hearts, they recognize the voice of God; and again, in the hour of temporary success, see Godfrey and his blood-stained, havoc-sated knights kneeling like children at the sacred tomb, and weeping at

the recollection of the sufferings of Him who inaugurated the Gospel of peace.

Chivalry as such,—that is, the militant idea represented by the term,—its mission once accomplished, soon grew effete, and its decline, though illuminated by the heroism of DeLisle Adam and Lavalette, affords a mournful contrast to the glory of its rise and early triumphs. Ceasing to march with intellectual progress, it was gradually left behind, and has passed away, bequeathing its name as a synonym for the heroic virtues of Fidelity and Honor. It was quaint and fantastic, yet even its exaggerations, like caricatures of beauty, only serve to distort the charms they cannot conceal.

Perhaps the most perfect illustration of the heroic traits of pure and exalted chivalry, may be found in the *tout ensemble* presented by the popular idea of King Arthur, as it has come down to us preserved in the chants of the Welsh harpers, and the best statement of its creed in the Oath of the Round Table, as given us by a bard worthy to rank with the noblest of the mythic sons of song who cheered these doughty champions:—

"To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander,—no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds."

Not only does history afford different phases of heroism, but in the same phase it often appears under different aspects,—in some clear and bright; in others, dark and obscure, struggling with adverse influences, difficult of achievment and hardly to be appreciated when achieved. The particular bias of the student has often undue weight in determining his estimation of character. In judging past events, or men of other times, due allowance should ever be made for surrounding circumstances, for temptations, for the magnitude of difficulties to be overcome. Take, for examples, Lord Clive and John Hampden; the former must be remembered as having to encounter gigantic obstacles, and the latter, as linked with a fanatic party, of whose furious zeal he was (we believe) no partaker, where it exceeded bounds of enthusiasm for constitutional liberty. When heroism is joined with enthusiasm to the excess which becomes fanaticism, it is always accompanied by vices so great as not only to diminish its lustre, but, by destroying its consistency, to change it into the distorted semblance of itself: for the very enthusiasm which prompts a forgetfulness of self, also renders its subject oblivious of others,—of everything, in fact, which may obstruct the attainment of his end. Yet the author to whom allusion was made at the commencement of this article, has taken Cromwell as his type of the Hero-King, though the same age, and, in part, the same events must have brought within his view the stern glory of the lion-like Gustavus,

stained with no imputation of hypocrisy, and obscured by no dark cloud of bigoted fanaticism.

The heroism of Loyalty—pardon the word, reader; like *occupy*, "it was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted,"—we see singularly exemplified in the Jacobites. Who can help admiring the fidelity of that unfortunate party (though manifested to a doubtful cause and for unworthy objects,) and their steady adherence in adversity to their ideas of right and justice, even when opposed to interest? There seems to us much more to admire and venerate in the devotion and gallantry of Dundee and Sarsfield, than in the more rational, phlegmatic and politic course of those who stand foremost in the opposite ranks.

That word "loyal" has been so perverted in our generation, by those who are incapable of understanding its signification, that it passes the bounds of etymological forbearance; to be "loyal" is to become liable to the charge of disloyalty. Yet is it a fine old word, embodying, almost in its sound, much meaning: *loyal*, *leyal*, *leal*. We find it most vividly illustrated by the "Scottish circle deep" at Flodden, the wan garrison of Limerick, or-better still,—in the spectacle afforded by that "Glorious field of grief," whereon were grounded the arms of the gallant remains of the noblest army that ever marched to victory beneath our starry cross.

But now, having floated down the stream of Time, touching wherever we have seen anything to invite a nearer view,—we come at length to our own country. Wanting in antiquity, we yet have all that ennobles it.

The heroic qualities developed in our colonial times were rather of the *individual* Kind, like those which enabled the Heroes of Mythology to free the classic groves and fountains from infesting monsters,—

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

The subduers of our wilderness found their epos in the fire-side tale, lingering a few generations in the confines of memory, before passing away forever.

Neither DeSoto nor Captain Smith, *arcades ambo*, (adventurers both,) belong to us, nor may we claim the nobler Wolfe who, as it were, coasted our shores, while Bacon appears in too doubtful or, at best, uncertain a light to bear consideration.

The first *hero*, using the term in its highest sense, who appeared on this continent was sullied with the crime of rebellion, and—though the Revolution brought to light many great and good men, it has left us but the one type of the *heroic*, and that is in the Protorebel. Wiser men, better rulers, more consummate generals there may have been, but there shines not out from the clouds of time a brighter example of the true hero than George Washington. By a singular perversity of human nature, his very goodness detracts, in the estimation of many, from his greatness, wisdom and skill; but, against such, we shall not defend his character.

In the subsequent wars of the republic, we find great warriors,

in its civil dissensions, great statesmen, but we look in vain for a recurrence of the universal Hero.

Our brief war with Mexico furnishes one of the most brilliant episodes in military history, but it must henceforth be chiefly memorable as the school wherein were trained the heroes of a nobler contest,—a struggle for principle rather then for renown, for freedom rather than for glory.

Alas! we may not wish that it had not been in vain!

* * * * * *

To speak or to write—or even to *think*,—*impartially* of our late war, so unfortunate in its event, is manifestly impossible, nor will it be either affected or attempted here, nor is any consideration essayed, except so far as it is germane to our subject.

The war (*quodcunque id dici jus fasque est*) certainly afforded us, so to speak, a meteoric shower of heroes, unparalled in numbers and brilliancy. Nor could it well have been otherwise, since heroism is subjective and derives its essential grandeur from the motives which produce it, and since defence ever calls forth nobler qualities than aggression.

The true heroes of the war were those who were faithful as long as there remained anything to adhere to; who faltered not, but were steadfast to the end; who were not allured by the syren voice of Ease, or the crafty suggestions of Interest; who swerved not even when they might have done so without bringing upon themselves utter disgrace.

Of those sons of the feeble, included under the generic term *deserter*, more familiarly known as skulks, moss-backs or cane-biters, we want adequate language to speak. The homely English, with all its range of expression, affords no synonym for their meanness. They are merely alluded to, on the principle of measuring things by their opposites, of heightening by contrast the virtues of our patriots. We wish not to discuss them further: We would not analyze garbage, nor would we endure the fumes of a Laputan crucible for any increase of knowledge attainable thereby.

To particularize our living heroes would be invidious, even were it not impossible; let each cherish his own ideals. The public mind is, in the main, correct in its judgment, and is fast growing enlightened in those few instances where it seemed to wish to be deceived. Yet to *one*, we cannot but allude, as removed beyond the reach of common-place considerations by his Promethean isolation and, by his vicarious sufferings, endeared to all. Wise statesman, true patriot, paramount gentleman, in him we see antique patriotism illumined by Christian Faith. Great Soul, clad in human frailty, nameless art thou here, yet in the far hereafter no brighter star than thine shall glitter in the firmament of our undying past! No greater name be sounded through the long ages!

Of those who have gone from us,—happy in the opportunity of their deaths, in that they died unsullied;—of *them*, at least, we may speak, and we may cherish

and revere their memory, consecrated from the shafts of detraction by the cause in which they fell. Let us honor their heroism, whether it be illustrated by the magnificent genius of Jackson, the stately dignity of Johnson, the martial fire of Bowen, the chivalric ardor of Ashly, the impulsive valor of "the gallant Pelham," or the unblazoned devotion of many a nameless one, at whose memory tears still flow, and sighs are breathed from desolate hearts. Let them be to us exemplars of patriotic virtue, and sources of heroic hope for a bright future, how far soever it be. The land for which they died cannot become a land of cringing slaves.

"Forget not the dead who died for us," though no cenotaph may rear aloft its snowy shaft in memory of the cause their deaths have consecrated, or in mournful tribute to their virtues. They must lie "alone, in their glory," but let us so educate the young, and so perpetuate their deeds, that they shall need no monument, but may have, through all time, a memorial tablet in every heart; let their cinerary urn be the *pride* of a people!

Thus their influence may still contribute to rehabilitate and finally establish the principles they died for. What matter that they may be under new forms, or arrayed in different guise? Truth is Protean, and may assume a thousand shapes.

We wish not to be understood as affecting any subdued undertone of *prediction*, for that "In all things, still supposes *means*." Dark indeed is the present hour, but from the very intensity of darkness we may hope for light. The Children of Israel might have remained a much longer period in Egypt, had they not been required to make bricks without straw.

We have submitted in good faith, but we cannot degrade ourselves, by steeping in ineffable disgrace the memory of all we held dear as patriots. We can endure with stately and uncomplaining fortitude, the slights put upon our dead, and the punishment inflicted on ourselves, but we writhe beneath the moral which our enemy so smirkingly applies; his hatred and vindictiveness we can easily bear, but from his good intentions and "enlightened philanthropy," Good Lord, deliver us!

"We can endure that he should waste
our lands,
Despoil our temples,—and by sword
and flame,
Return us to the dust from which we
came.
But when of hands
Which he has broke for us, he dares to
speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall
bless his sway,
Then the strained heart of fortitude
proves weak."

But let us strive to be of good cheer; all may yet be well. If the children of the captivity be taught to remember Zion, if they humble themselves and forget not the God of their fathers, we may still hope for better things.

"The sun is darkened, but it is only for a moment; it is but an eclipse, though all birds of evil omen have begun to scream, and all ravenous beasts have gone forth to prey, thinking it to be midnight. Wo to them if they be abroad when the rays again shine forth."

MRS. CRENSHAW'S STORY.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

"*To the unknown prisoner in Norfolk jail, with the prayers of an unknown friend.*"

THAT sentence written inside the cover of a some-time-used Bible was indirectly in *sequitur* to an appeal from a novel quarter, and it, or the book, or both, in the hands of Providence saved my life once.

One morning my washerwoman said—

"Miss ——," (I was a young girl then,) "ain't you got an old Bible or Hymn Book you can give away?"

"You can't read it, if I have," I replied, looking at her good-humored, black face without a trace of the intellectual in it.

No'm, but you know that sailor that was took up"—and she recalled to my mind a case reported in the papers a little time before, of two belligerent marines, one of whom had killed the other,—in self-defence, some thought,—(though I knew—and knew truly, nothing of the merits of the case,) escaping with a bad wound himself.

"He's afraid he'll be hung," she went on to say, "he distresses himself almost to death, and he's asked Mr. ——, a man I washes for, to ask some o' the ladies to give him a Bible,—but then Mr. ——'s sick and he can't get anywhere's."

"The ladies." I revolved the sentence in my mind, and thought again and again on it as one of multitudinous testimonials to the importance attaching to female ministration, in the estimate of even the hardiest defiers of law. Why had not this man said "send me a minister,"—ask a minister for a Bible.

Priscilla and Aquila, the Marys, Phoebe of Cenchrea, they laid the foundation-stone of this faith long ago.

I did not keep the proposed bearer awaiting the course of my speculations, but gave him the volume as before said, pinning to a fly-leaf the beautiful hymn—"The Lord will Provide,"—I had never owned a Hymn Book but this had been copied from one for my rapturous admiration of it.

We moved to a distant part of the country not long after this, my grandfather and I,—there were only us two to move,—and finally, as a consummation to a long—projected plan of his, went travelling in Europe,—living, for months or a year here and there, just as it happened, and a desire to rest alternated with a desire to rove.

Well, years passed on, in this way my good guide giving me op-

portunities of profiting by all that was calculated to expand the mind and form correct esthetic principles, so far as continental residence and travel could effect these.

I had bathed in glorified Tiber,—had danced to the music of Italian lutes in the moonlight shadow of the Coliseum,—had shaken hands with good Pope Pius and come off as good a Protestant as ever.

I had echoed back the vintagers' song on the "vine-clad hills of France,"—spent hours and days and days again in looking out and poring over mementos of Josephine, Napoleon's star,—my star of all the lights in modern female history. (The glorious heroines of my own Southland of America occupy a sphere,—a sort of seventh-heaven consecrated to and by themselves.)

I had gathered cypress from the grave of Theodore Karl Korner, and made my respectful bow to the spectre of the Hartz mountains;—had, in short, taken all the routes usual with travelers, and some unusual; seen things generally considered worth seeing, and many beyond the prescribed limits of the guide-books;—the course of travel and incident, it may be remarked, being not altogether, perhaps, as erratic or eccentric as my notation of the same here.

Finally we concluded to go back to old England whose cliff-bound shores we had barely touched on the transit from America, thence over the channel.

We saw Victoria?

Yes,—and at a little distance, and as she sat in silence, some traces, so I declared, in complexion and texture of skin, of the plebeian ancestress, the so faithful serving girl of the noble that she was elevated at last to a Peeress' place. What metamorphosis was this? I saw the lady speak, next heard her voice, for I did get within sound of it, saw her gestures. "Regina" was written upon all.

Prince Albert—that pure, blameless gentleman and noble Noble,—of devoted heart to religion, home, and country, stood by her side. But I am not here to write court annals, even if I had first-hand materials for such, so, off to those wild, bleak hills of Lancashire and the night of nights I passed among them.

We had just come over their line in the morning, by a ford in the neighborhood of Hell's Cauldron,—ill-auguring name enough! in the most primitive of conveyances, drawn by two shaggy ponies, partially reclaimed from their savage state and rearing on the moors near by.

My grandfather, myself, and my maid with a mouth-mutilating German name, but whom for convenience I called Rose, constituted the party. Our guide and postilion,—who was no guide at all as it turned out,—or else, worse than none, knowing scarcely a rood of the way as it soon appeared,—unless from hearsay,—perplexed us continually with his broad double, a's, and his strange, north-country dialect generally; but the acme of our confusion in him was reached when toward the closing in of the

day,—dark hour, as they call it, after three or four hours' travel over a naked moorland, the road seemed to terminate upon the verge of a forest and refuse to conduct us any farther.

"Is this the way," my grandfather asked, "to Bretlow inn?" It was to this house of entertainment we had received directions as being a pleasant place of sojourn for the night, or as many days as we purposed sauntering around in a vicinity abounding in natural curiosities.

"Dun knaaw," was all we could get, finally, in answer to any inquiry, but after some delay,—a little venture forward over the roughest ground I ever traversed, a little retracing of the route—a little shaping of a side-wise course, or something like it, there was at last the semblance of a road discovered, but it was manifest it could not be the one by which the Yorkshire mail-coach passed, our reliance for getting back to our luggage and other effects, left long miles behind.

Night was thick black around us now. Grandfather was a "mild mannered" man, but he could not resist some uncomplimentary expletives in application to the heedless, stupid creature—if no worse, of which I for one began to have my own fears,—who held us in charge.

Symptoms of sullenness which had been obviously developing themselves, gradually seemed to vanish, or else I fancied so, upon a hint of his having forfeited his pay, and he began directly to be voluble in expressions of penitence for himself, and essays to elicit sympathy for the "woif an' childer" at home. Consideration of their need, he said, had moved him to undertake what he now as much as acknowledged he knew nothing about.

By and by, after some hours of adventure in Egyptian darkness, a light was descried, a mile or more away, perhaps, and we, steering for this, over ruts and stones, and by hollows and hills, incurring imminent danger of being jolted to a jelly, to say nothing of the jeopardy of necks, at last reached a house that looked like a tolerably massive prison-pile.

The doors were barricaded, as we found after knocking, and the sound of voices within neither loud nor hilarious, but distinct, was hushed at our approach.

"What be wantin?" was asked in grating tones by a man who, unbarring the entrance, yet stood on the doorway, holding a rush-light above his head.

An apology for disturbing him was tendered. We thought it was not a public house, likely, but we had missed our way to such-a-place, and could they furnish us with accommodations until to-morrow? We were not hard to please and would be satisfied with anything, so they would give us two rooms and something to sleep on.

Far as concerned fare for the inner man, a lunch, packed at the bountiful hostelry we had left that morning, was yet far from exhausted, which, beside its more immediate purposes, served for a reminder in kind, as our present surroundings by contrast, of posi-

tively enchanting appointments of comfort, shaming many model private households.

Not only to retrospective vision rose up the pretty, picturesque outlines of the village inn, with its overhanging eaves and Swiss-looking outer galleries—its goats browsing here and there where a tuft of tender grass tempted them;—the brush-covered garden suggestive of early plenty,—its unfailing cream, fresh butter, fresh eggs, rich cakes, but over and above all the bed-rooms.—Swept and brushed they were to that degree of nicety that you began to think if your days were ended here the sequel to the warning "dust thou art" would fail of its force as applied to you. White spreads—how snowy white! sheets the same, and oh! the delicious lavender scent! you expanded your lungs to their utmost tension to inhale it.

Well, this dismal, dirty contrast to all, beside other instinctive depression I felt at being obliged to lodge here, hurried me off to bed pretty soon, that is, as soon as it was ascertained we could be supplied with neither tea or coffee.

I saw the room grandfather was to occupy—it was the one directly under mine, and I mooted the point of his not having one adjoining, or at least on the same floor.

"Don't be timed," said he, for it was at once settled by our entertainers not very affable or courteous, that all the other apartments were appropriated and we must take these or none. I was left in silent wonder how, since the man had said before that only our party and himself and his old woman would sleep there,—and where the six or eight men were going who now sat by the fire. "Don't be timid, I shall not sleep much, but I want you to rest well, though if you knock ever so lightly on the floor I can hear you.

He had not been reticent enough, dear old gentleman, though to tell more of the truth, reserve would not have materially affected the course of affairs.

Rose and I retired, I taking the pallet designed for her, because with face so near the floor I could better hear the sound of any movement in the room below,—which I did not then suspect would be untenanted all the night. My attendant bestowed herself on the scantily furnished single bed close by me,—looking first, half-laughingly, to see if any of those mysterious contrivances for traps and other traditional tricks on travelers were to be discovered. Its mechanism seemed entirely simple, and so satisfied Rose lay down. The girl was anxious, well as I. I remembered afterwards having thought as I last saw her before putting out the light, she looked pale enough to forfeit the substitute name suggested at random by her complexion.

I listened and listened for hours, I suppose,—but silence prevailed; then, exhausted by anxiety and rough travel I fell asleep.

I cannot tell how long I had slept, or what time in the night it was when I was awakened by a light in the room, but the horrible

vision that flashed upon me then, gleams red through all these years.

Poor orphan Rose! the affectionate girl who had followed me all the way from Hapsburg, and attached herself to me by so many evidences of care for my comfort, —I am just conscious of seeing her rise up in bed, of seeing two miserable ruffians around, a long, bright blade brandished, and she, I knew, was silent forever. No struggle,—a faint, gurgling sound, —that was all.

A little moving among them; then one approached my bed,—I could hear the voice nearer, though my eyes were closed. "This one," he said, "the maid, is asleep." I suppose they took me for the servant from my position on the floor. "Don't be too sure," answered the other.

May Infinite Mercy deliver me from a repetition of the experiences which followed.

"Hold the light, Southey," I heard, more dead than alive,— and the light was held, indeed, almost close enough to singe my lashes as it seemed to me. I did not wink. Providence interposed to prevent my signing my own death-warrant thus. Not satisfied with the test, a long knife, most probably the one employed to take my companion's life, was drawn across my throat, the light again burning itself into my eye-sockets. Still I lay, endeavoring to counterfeit the regular, light breathing of one in slumber, almost tortured to madness lest my heart's beatings should betray me. Ah! only Heaven and myself know the agonies of that hour.

"She's one of the seven," they pronounced,—"she'll tell no tales." And here they pulled my watch out from under the pillow.

This was all they found, of any value, but I lay now, stealthily scanning them rummaging about the room. Presently was heard a faint—drip,—drip,—a trickling along the floor, next, *felt* the warm life-blood of the murdered girl saturating my night-clothes and the flimsy pallet whereon I lay.

I recognized these men at once, for I had seen them down stairs, the one with the coarse, short-cropped hair, the one with the long red, knit cap, and now felt sure that we had placed ourselves at the mercy of a gang of such.

What to do? I could evolve no expedient out of the chaotic whirl of my poor brain.

That I was no born heroine I had always known, or there was an abundant demonstration in the events of the present hour. I lay there in inglorious, terrified silence, moveless as death, until a rumbling noise from some quarter gave warning to my nocturnal visitants to leave.

I was not, now, without some apprehension of my situation,— found my traveling companion murdered beside me, I unhurt, and no third person near. I wondered if they had left any weapon in the room, not, that I know of, that this would affect the case especially, but there arose the memory of a horrible story I had once heard, of a man convicted and executed upon circumstantial

evidence somewhat similar to that which might surround me now,—the real criminal long years after, confessing his guilt in a far foreign land.

The innocent sufferer had been discovered in a lonely wood holding a bloody knife in his hand above the body of a murdered man. The corpse was still warm as with life, and the seeming offender could utter nothing, when first taken, but "oh, I shall be hanged! I know I shall be hanged!"

The real truth transpired, from the evidence of the murderer, who was watching him from a safe distance, that he had picked up the weapon as it lay in his path, and coming on yet a little farther, found a dead body stretched across the road. No wonder he paused in terrified amazement. No wonder lips and brain were paralyzed if the sight he saw was like that presently to greet me.

What went to corroborate suspicion of him, poor fellow! was, that at some public gathering on the day before, the two men—the murdered and the supposed murderer, had had a dispute, and the latter left the ground vowing vengeance unless the cause of contention were removed.

I thought of all this in the manner I tell you, but of grandfather, of whom I knew nothing,—of Rose, whose heart's blood was wet on me now, in a bewildered, horrible fashion I can never tell.

It was all broad day before I ventured to rise up and face this scene of dead, dread silence. The first time I did so I swooned before that sight which I shall not attempt to describe here, with its revolting details.

By and by was made a shy and cursory survey of the room. In the inspection of it the night before, it is somewhat strange that a small recess in the side of the chimney should have escaped attention.

Is it too wonderful for you to believe that as my eye fell there now, I descried a Bible lying with a hunter's pouch and some other implements of sportsmanship?—I ought to say gunnery, no doubt, for I don't suppose they were used for any purposes of recreation.

No, that of itself is not too monstrous to merit your credence, though if you could see the surroundings as I did, the fact itself would seem stranger than by my mere telling of it.

What will you say when I farther tell that the volume had some peculiar marks upon it,—familiar marks, that even at the distance, from which it first arrested my attention, made such a new confusion of the years past, the terrible, overwhelming present, as to induce a sort of imbecile acquiescence in the thought—my brain was crazed?

I will submit this to yet another ordeal,—it occurred to me,—let the farther test of sense rescue me if it may, from this dread doom.

I approached, tremblingly lifted the lid of the book so desecrated, as I felt, by its whereabouts, and read—now I tax your faith—"To THE UNKNOWN PRISONER IN NORFOLK JAIL, WITH THE PRAYERS OF AN UNKNOWN FRIEND,"

with date appended—Nov. 23, 18—!

My own chirography, boasting of a little more tendril work in construction than you perceive here.

How light of heart I was when that line was traced,—how more than miserable now!

"What are you doing with my property?" fell on my ear in earthquake tones.

Whence came the courage but from above by which I was enabled to answer—"It was my property once."

By this time two hideous creatures had rushed through a door by which the first new-comer had entered, and they began to bind my hands.

He, who seemed to be a master-spirit among them, waved them off. "Wait yet awhile," I heard from him,—from them the horribly ambiguous announcement —"the old man's all safe."

"Where did you see this book before?" the first speaker asked roughly, of me.

"Where, you obtained it," I answered, "in my native town of of Norfolk, in America," adding, with the courage of despair—"you were the prisoner."

His partners showed signs of great impatience. He beckoned them off.

"You were hardly old enough," he said doubtfully, turning to me again. I looked younger than I was,—I had seen both sides of thirty, then.

"A black girl by the name of ——, begged it from me for you, when you lay under arrest,—under sentence for all I know, though I think not, for murder of a fellow-marine attached to the U. S. flag ship ——."

"Down with your cords! Down with yourselves!" was the abrupt and sudden command to the men who had stood waiting. They obeyed.

"May I shake hands with you?" he asked of me.

I reluctantly gave him my hand, at the same time yielding to a paroxysm of agony in apprehension for my grandfather's fate.

"He shall be released," I was assured, "only you promise for yourself and him that what has happened here shall not be made known for two days."

They wanted time to escape, I understood.

"But what are we to do?" I asked,—"here under apparently such guilty circumstances,—who can prove that the poor girl yonder,—(I could not look in the direction, then,) did not fall by our hands?"

He seemed cogitating the matter in his mind when I followed this inquiry by another,—one in which astonishment and—yes, curiosity, were intensely exercised. "What induced you to preserve this book?"

"For the good luck that's in it," was the prompt reply. "Soon after I got this book," he added,—(they were mighty mournful days then, but not as bad as some I've seen since,) I was tried and sentenced to death, as I expected to be. I'd read this all the while I'd had it, prayed too, though may be you wont believe it,—prayed I might find a way to get out,—for other things, too, as

well I might, if a stranger could pray for me. But I was not guilty of the crime, and did as I did in self-defence. Well, a way was opened for me to escape, and I thought the luck lay in the book.

I came back here where I was born. Since then I've been in many a place; in many a difficulty, about and about, but I've never failed to carry this and it's brought me out safe." No more heard I of his strange superstition or at best perverted faith.

A sound of horses' hoofs,—a sound of hoarse voices,—the officers of the law were in the house. A small packet was put into my hand,—it was my watch,—and the man, and his confederates also, as I afterwards learned, vanished like ghosts at cock-crowing.

Their pursuers had long time, so they told us, I say us because when I first saw them my grandfather whom they had found bound, and liberated, was with them,—that they had been many months hunting this band of marauders, tracking them from place to place by similar deeds to those which had come within our immediate experience, but with no better effect as to their apprehension than attended them now,—and at this time the place was to all appearance tenantless with the exception of themselves and us.

We now prepared to go off together, one of the party giving up his horse to grandfather and me. Our postilion, by agreement, detained for a second day's journey, had proved himself *non est* far as concerned us, since we alighted at that fatal door, and it has often since been a matter of conjecture to me if he did not share the contents, not princely, as it transpired, of grandfather's purse, boldly taken from him by the robbers in the house.

To their disappointment in the sum, I suppose, was due his detention in the remote dungeon-room where he was discovered; why no worse befell him I am not able, to this hour, to say.

Poor Rose's remains were to be removed and cared for, which was subsequently done, as we witnessed, but it was considered necessary, for form's sake, to take us under arrest, to the town ten miles off.

To the provisionary arrangements herefor, there was a secret and well-secreted witness—my strange acquaintance, as may be presumed.

He was not near enough to hear distinctly, or his action would, possibly, have been otherwise. I cannot tell.

I was deprecating even the bare form of an arrest on such a—no, not suspicion, but in such a connection—and—I am not ashamed to own it, for all nerve and firmness were gone,—was weeping bitterly.

Judge, if you can, the consternation of the group when now, just as we were about to set out, emerged from a thick-set hedge and came towards us the man with whom I had half an hour before been conversing. He gave his name as Ralph Guy, and himself up to justice.

He had no hand in this murder, he said, his band were guilty of that and he was responsible for them. All search for them was

useless, he added,—a new and unforeseen mode of escape opening up for them as the officers entered the premises, and now, he would die for them and for one, a stranger, who had called herself his friend when he had no friend. This he explained to them,—asked my prayers now—and declared in effect that his present yielding himself up had no merit in it, but was fore-ordained as retribution for the life he had led.

He was tried, condemned, executed, but to the last refused to reveal anything farther of the outrages of his comrades,—their guilt, their names, or purposes.

So perished the sometime "prisoner in Norfolk jail."

ORGAN GRINDERS.

Ho! the minstrel!—was the cry of yore in broad baronial halls when doughty counts and *laydies fayre* were met to feast together. *Ho! the minstrel!* was echoed in tented field, when belted knight and fiery squire quaffed brimming goblets to the morrow's *melée:* and the cry was echoed even in kingly courts in those days we love to read of in the chronicles of every land!

Up rose the massive *portcullis*, down creaked the ponderous drawbridge, and wide swung the studded gates—never shut against the wayfarer in those ages our comfortable civilization looks down upon as "dark."

Noble earls, royal warriors and queenly women applauded the minstrel's lay, as he sat travel-stained and dusty next below the salt.

Strong hands carved the meat for him and tender ones poured his wine; the battle light in every eye proved the power of his *Skald;* and the wild bass of war-worn soldiers shook the rude turrets in chorus to his lay.

Organ Grinder!—youngest son of ancient minstrelsy!—battered descendant of the Troubadour! hadst thou but flourished then!

What wonders had not the magic box told the souls of ancient Vikings!

One turn of the handle—tinkling lyre and pleasing lute had at once been still, while mighty men of war listened open-mouthed and mute!

Think of grinding a war song with the clashing accompaniment of boar spears and hide shields! Another stop pulls out a wild refrain of war song of the Goths!—another makes a mournful dirge for the lost Jerusalem!

High anthem for brave heart to leap to:—stately measure for majestic minuet:—solemn psalmody to dim the eyes of the fair—all ground from a wooden box!

—"And thus the whirligig of Time
"Brings in his revenges."

The glad Trouvere no longer

sits mid the panoplied and proud, but shuffles around back areas for cold scraps; or—weakly, alas! misdeemed a beggar!—grinds away unwearyingly for stray pennies.

Beggar he is none!

We know all about beggars—their varied sorts and species:—the Beggar-resident, who clings to his chosen corner like the air plant to the oak, and haply nourishes his inner-man on almost as slim a sustenance; the Beggar peripatetic, who loafs round to your house for his matutinal meal twice weekly, or comes o' Saturday nights for a post-prandial bite. Besides, there is a Beggar-periodical who appears at stated intervals, like a circum-polar star. This one adopts the insinuated, rather than the direct beg. His demands are inferential rather than positive; and he makes a pretended return in some supposed occupation.

Who does not remember, in his *callida juventus* some inflamed old vagrant with a hacked strop and sick family, who spoiled razors and told lies for old clothes:—whose strop each year became harder and his children worse?

Or were there not a Darby and Joan of beggary who limped round together? Darby collecting invalid umbrellas, which he pretended to mend, while Joan—careful helpmeet!—collected the change.

But shall we class with these the soul-stirring Organ-grinder? Down unjust thought!

Child of sunny Italy,—though born perhaps "when Music, Heavenly Maid, was young,"—very young—*he* spurns the dole and proclaims his right to earn his bread by honest labor!

There is much music in a hand-organ—reviled instrument though it be;—and we love it.

Not one of your weak-winded, wheezy old fossils —- battered, scratched and piping doleful dirges over its own dead glories:—but your gaudy, gallant, gilt-bespattered, holiday-clothed hand-organ with rattling polkas and *whooing* waltzes that set the maid-servants in your street spinning like Japanese tops.

Alas, rare John Leech!

'Twas one of the former gave him his quietus. He was infested with the children of Italy: day nor night could he find peace.

He moved. The sons of song flocked round him, thicker than ever. He moved again:—still there was neither "Respite nor Nepenthe." When his worn-out patience plead for peace, a cracked Organ ground out—"*Nevermore!*"

Naturally of a nervous and high strung temperament and bound down by iron hands to a sedentary occupation, he became half-crazed under the stings of his small tormentors. He could neither think, write, nor draw without "that demnition little grind" continually in his ears.

He became morbid; every idea was tinctured with strong essence of organ; and the intense ridiculous of some of his drawings of the tribe, we sadly feel must be the expressed essence—a bitter drop—forced from a slowly breaking heart!

Nine times the wretched man moved!

Nine times his tormentors fol-

lowed him in flocks. Restless, nervous—almost a monomaniac—his pressing duties kept him in town all summer. He became prostrated—really ill. A slow nervous fever set in, he could not rally and finally died—in all seriousness—a victim to Organ-grinders!

And who but has sympathized in the woes of that unsentimental son of song—that "unappreciative cuss," as A. Ward would have called him—who parodied the tender wail of Miss Laurie's loyal hearted lovers?

It was none of your wholesouled, full-voiced aldermanic Organs; but one of the broken-winded, asthmatic persuasion that ground the ancient ditty when "the unappreciative" wrote:—

"Max Welton's braes *are* bonnie—
The fact I do not doubt:—
But I wish the cove had strangled
Before he found it out!

"Her brow *is* like the snow drift,
A snow drift like her brow—
By George!—*there is an organ*
A grinding of it now!"

But the other:—the dapper-dandified grinder! why such a fellow is the boon companion of all the five year olds. He sets them wild with his very incipient wheeze—and divides with taffy their hoarded pennies. Then his first squeak sends to the heart of every three-foot-two a noble fire to crush that wondrous creation of art:—to delve into its sounding bowels and return laden with the treasures of another world—as of a moving Herculaneum, or of a vocal Nineveh!

We all know what the man without any music in his immortal part is good for. Let us leave him without regret to his "stratagems and spoils;"—for only the likes o' him will contemn the hand-organ.

He never had a happy childhood, bubbling up with gushing sympathies and gliding peacefully into the meadows of middle age;—peopled with sacred memories of cultivated monkeys and superhuman dogs!

No strains of by-gone organs chase each other through the echo-haunted corridors of *his* memory: poetry hath no sound to such—the wonders of creation strikes *him* not with mysterious awe!

The warring of the elements has no sublimity—the pattering of spring rain drops no tender rythm to *him:* the vivid electric flash is but plain, matter-of-fact lightning to his dim eyeballs; and to his dulled tympana the crashing diapason of heaven's artillery only a thundering noise!

But, "*gentle reader*"—if haply thy heart is attuned to the concord of sweet sounds:—if thou canst separate the tuneful rythm of "root hog or die!"—from the solemn swell of "Hail Columbia"—'tis to *thee* I speak!

Thou can's't recall the delicious thrill of thy first Organ!

Then come trooping reminiscences of talking monkeys—wonderfully old and preternaturally sage:—of gorgeous soldiers, meeting in wooden battle, or breaking in spiral-spring retreat; or, of that magic mime who performed impossible somersaults while his red-legged puppet-accomplice blew on a true-and-true flute!

Thou cans't refresh the faded recollection of the stalwart Italian, with peaked beard and soldierly port—supremely independent; or albeit of a tender daughter of the sunny clime—pale-faced perchance beneath her mask of dusk—handing round the tambourine, or walking the stately *contra-dansa* of her native land.

The monkeys of thy childhood have long since bit the dust with which they erewhile mingled! Perhaps those very monkeys—somewhat metamorphosed—nod and whisper to thee even now in the leaves of yonder willow!

The Organs of the past are wrecked and voiceless! and the tender little maiden—who would have been pale if she could—perchance now speaks a stalwart son upon some distant shore!

And the Organ-grinder—where is he?

Does he wander still, bearing upon venerable back some newer Organ with latest-improved flute and patent-back-action stops? Or does his body rest by some simple mile-stone, while his freed spirit "wandering through the Infinite" is ravished by music ground from the Organ of the Spheres!

Beggar he is none!

He despises the fraudulent arts of the fraternity—even of the more aristocratic grades just mentioned.

Is he wretched? Then his eyes are not red with weeping; he presents no long petition, illegible by reason of many greasy thumbs; nor tells a tedious tale of sorrow.

He never even posts himself as an advertisement for a Railway-Passenger-Masher!

He simply stands at your door and pours out his troubles in the twinned octaves of harmonious sound:—insinuates his misery by gently grinding out melodious music: and he will grind—grind—grind—till his just reward is forthcoming.

He prides not himself upon his beauty nor his long descent; he brags neither of his wit nor of his cumulate woes. He cares not a straw for the opinion of society and—happy man!—he fears not even *Mrs. Grundy!*

He is free! Free as the winds of heaven that play through his perforated pants—as the sun that caresses his hair through his crownless hat!

He is very noble—a courtier of Bohemia; and panoplied in conscious right he looks upon the world as his oyster which he will grind open.

A stranger in a strange land—an unprosperous weathercock for every blast of Fate to trifle with—he is yet a philosopher and looks upon his destiny with a stoical grace Zeno might have envied.

He is exposed to rain and sun; and young physicians declare both these unpropitious to the general wholesomeness. No friend stops him on the corner, and tenderly inquiring for his health, asks him to dinner. No turkish bath, toasted slippers and blazing hickory welcome him at even tide.

But there he is revenged upon his more respectable brother who enjoys all these. If he dress in rags, no implacable man of shears can send him duns; if he stand in

the rain, no one can borrow his umbrella; he is never called upon for after dinner speeches—is never bored with vile puns, or plastered with creamy flattery.

He lives happy, makes no will, and dies!

He is gone. None ask where. A green mound perchance marks his resting place—another fills his vacuum. None quarrel over his old clothes and

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

even in Potter's field :—even though no marble monument rears over him its blank, pale face, unblushing at the lies it bears for posterity's sake.

And such is the Organ-Grinder—our minstrel of to-day.

Haply he has degenerated from his ancient state, even as the mastodon has dwindled to the elephant. He sits no longer, an almost equal, in the halls of the great; but he sweetens to the little great the uphill path to the future.

To the adolescent he is greater than kings and more precious than spikenard; and his feet—though "not swift to shed blood"—are "beautiful upon Zion," or elsewhere—when found.

And who can tell but many a murderer—in *posse*, if not in *esse*—has been saved because some tender strain killed in the young heart the germ of passion that else had sprung into shoots of rank crime!

It is safe to lay the long odds that the childhood of Lord Lytton's respectable Mr. Aram, was never blest with hand-organs!

The ancient minstrel sang of knights in burnished steel, with banners bright. He told in glowing verse how glittering spears were put in rest; how plumes rushed backward on the gale of the onset; how horse and rider rolled in the dust at gentle joust or honorable tournay.

He chanted of conflicts fierce; of shivered blades; of seamed and gory wounds upon the battle plain.

The minstrel of to-day sings not these themes. He has no musty romaunt of a dead age—no legendary fiction. But he grinds out right honestly a tune of hard reality to a hard, real world that has long since shaken off the sleep from its opiate of romance.

Blame him not that he plays "Lorena" before the county jail, and wakens a ray of hope in the breast of the incarcerated—if tender hearted—burglar; while Blondel strummed beneath the tower and caused the Lion-Heart to leap with joy of its sure release!

He is of to-day; and small, vulgar boys—delighting in "*Lorena*"—would pelt Blondel with mud, or unfresh eggs; while they bandied remarks, bordering on the rough, relative to his long hair.

Spurn not the Organ Grinder that his task is low and his music is like his taste.

You are responsible, for his taste is what you have made it in making him what he is.

Elevate him to his ancient state—seat him even above the salt—regale him with turtle and relays of napkins—and he will grind you the proper "food of love;" and will continue to "play on" for any given period.

Though he sing not to-day courts of love and beauty—doughty blows and deeds of derring-do—yet does he sing the song of the times!—He sings the greenback!

Aid him with thy purse; let the light of thy stray pennies fall upon him—and he may yet sing the triumphs of our Troy in Wall Street—the glories of our Thermopylæ on Change.

He may yet tell of heroes, valiant as Ajax, in the battles of the Bourse!—Of maidens fair as Helen, who made their "little go" in fancy stocks!

Aid him, stranger; and he may yet grind, from a thorough-bass Organ of many stops, thy fame as his Mæcenas!

Contemn him not—nor spurn him for a beggar!

Bold and erect he stands as the much sung Caledonian; and that with precious little "rare beef" and a most plentiful lack of "porter good."

But he is a type of the times—He knows his value—he has his price!

Entreaty and threats are alike useless if you pay him not his due; for "he knows the vally of peace and quietness" and is perfectly right not to "move on" until it is paid in full!

They tell us Old Homer sang his lays—father of Organ-grinders he!—and handed round his hat in ancient Hellas.

Listen to yonder strain, mixed though it be with fumes from the blind alley and cat-calls by uncleanly youth! send him thy stray pennies—for thou mays't be chucking them to the Homer of generations yet unborn!

Grand Summary of Casualties in Cheatham's Division, during the First Campaign of 1864, to include July 22nd.

Brigades.	Line of Engagements.																Total.		Total Wounded and Killed.
	Rocky Fall Ridge.		Resaca.		Adairsville		New Hope Church.		Kennesaw		Chattahoochee.		Peach tree Creek.		Decatur.				
	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	
Maney's,	12	4	45	6	29	1	28	4	75	22	4	1	11		130	53	334	91	425
Strahl's,	4	1	58	6	14	2	40	4	43	4	5		21	1	121	22	306	40	346
Vaughan's,			28	7	29	1	56	10	82	11	5		107	15	136	30	443	74	517
Carter's,	8	1	62	15	27	2	41	2	29	5	6		108	14	112	15	393	54	447
Grand Total	24	6	193	34	99	6	165	20	229	42	20	1	247	30	499	120	1476	259	1735

NOTE.—Those marked "killed," were killed on the field, and many of those under the head of "wounded," died at the Field Infirmary. A discrepancy always exists between the Adjutant General's report, and the Surgeon's report, from the fact that many are slightly wounded, who are not disabled for duty, that never report to the Field Infirmary.

[Signed.] F. RICE, Chief Surgeon, Cheatham's Division.

IN THE FIELD, AUGUST 6TH, 1864.

THE HAVERSACK.

A Federal officer, at Louisville, Kentucky, gives an account of an interview, on the second day's fight at Shiloh, between a rebel prisoner and the notorious Gen. Nelson of the Federal army, better known as Bull Nelson. Gen. N. was exceedingly anxious to get some information from the prisoner and he put a powerful restraint upon himself and even so far as to use not more than a dozen "cuss words." The rebel very coolly took a seat upon the ground and pulled out his brier-root pipe.

Gen. N. Who are you?

Reb. My name's —— ——. What's yourn?

Gen. N. I am Gen. Nelson of the Federal army. How many men has Gen. Johnston?

Reb. I never could talk when I am *hongry* for a smoke. Got any killikinick, Gineral?

Gen. N. (Handing him some.) You are—free and easy. How many corps have you engaged?

Reb. Wait till I light my pipe. Got any matches, Gineral?

Gen. N. (Giving a match.)—Come, strike a light and tell me what you know.

Reb. Well, Gineral, I know that this is rael good tobaccer, much obleeged to you.

Gen. N. None of your —— foolishness. Tell me how many troops you have, and if you lie to me, I'll have your —— tongue cut out.

Reb. Well, you see, Gineral, I don't know a d—d thing. Powerful good tobaccer of yourn.—How much did it cost a pound?

The "cuss words" came now in a powerful torrent, but the Reb smoked on, till ordered to the rear.

Gen. Hampton in a speech last July in Baltimore paid a merited compliment to White's cavalry, from Maryland. It was, indeed, a terror to evil doers on the border, and many an atrocious deed was prevented by the fear that retribution might come upon the perpetrator. Col. W., while distinguished for coolness, courage, enterprise, and every high and manly quality, is not an Apollo in appearance. Almost every battle brought its wound and always about the face and neck, so that the Colonel's pulchritude, never of a very high order, began to be decidedly on the wane. It is related of him that after getting a frightful gash in the cheek, he looked sorrowfully in the glass and said: "if the Yankees don't quit shooting me in the face, my beauty will be gone forever!"

An old reb, who has found his way up to Rutland, Vermont, gives the four following anecdotes from the Northern stand-point:

When the command of General B. M. P. was on its way to Lexington, Missouri, to plant the "old flag" there in all its glory, they heralded their approach to the town of Carrollton by the then new doctrine of "military ne-

cessity," which meant the seizure of horses and mules, and the killing of hogs and poultry belonging to every slave-holder in the country. This practical philanthrophy of the Abolition forces did not develop any "latent Unionism" in the county of Carroll, and the grand display and flourish of trumpets awakened no enthusiasm at the County Seat. One milliner, however, who had long bloomed in solitary maidenhood, extemporized a miniature representative of the "dear old flag," which she waved with all her might. The face of the the maiden milliner was not such as poets love to sing about and painters transfer to their canvass. So the Irish and German savers of the "life of the nation" passed by the "lone and lorn" maiden, in solemn silence without even a grateful look. After the troops had gone by, a drunken straggler reeled along and noticing the ancient maiden gracefully waving the "flag of the nation," he stopped and stood as still as his load of bad commissary whiskey would permit, shut one eye and hiccoughed, "bully for you, old gal!"

The modest maiden retired.—The flag waved no more!

In the village of ——, east of the Hudson, a ninety days' man was importuned to go into the army and try it again. But the tender of a commission and a large bounty were no inducements to him. In the true New-England dialect, he replied, "nao, nao, I guess I be agoin' out neo more. I hev tried once and I be satisfied. Yeou that hevn't tried the hairdships of war may go aout ef yeou want ter. Why, nebbers, when I was to Washington, we had nothin' but tents to live in, had teo sleep on straw on the greound. We hairdly ever had any milk, and I veow, we were clean eout of butter for more than ten weeks. Nao, nao, I don't like the hairdships of war. I'm a gwine to stay ter hum."

The cant phrase, "free Missouri," is better known in that State than across its borders. Old Dr. McFarland, of Clarskville, Missouri, who had been somewhat soured by disfranchisement, and giving up his property to loyal raiders, &c., was sitting in his office, brooding over his loss of worldly goods and political privileges, when some noisy friends, who had discovered a long train of wagons, cried out, "here they come, more emigrants to our beautiful "free Missouri."

"Come to *free* Missouri," answered the worthy Dr., "I hope to Heaven that they have come to *free* me also!"

Early in 1861, some ardent advocates of the war and great admirers of the "late lamented" were seeking to convince him that the glorious army of the union would eat up the blatant rebs at a single mouthful.

"That reminds me," said His Excellency, "of a little anecdote. Deacon Slinker, of the Ironside Baptist persuasion, was *churched* in Illinois for loving whisky too well. He defended himself by declaring that he had taken just one

mouthful and no more that day. One of the Ironsides, who was confident of the drunkenness of the worthy brother, asked by way of puzzling him, how much one mouthful was. To this Slinker answered: Well, bretherin' and sistern, I had a currosity to find that out myself, and so I measured it, and my mouth hilt just a pint! The mouthful of rebs for breakfast will turn out to be a mouthful after Deacon Slinker's pattern."

The system of espionage at the North during the war was not only perfect, in all its details, but it was often annoying and troublesome to many from whom the Government had nothing whatever to fear.

There lived in the town of P— Illinois, a learned and polished lawyer, who was suspected of secret sympathy with the rebellion, because he would not go into raptures at the sight of the "old flag." A spy was sent from Chicago to entrap him and find out if he did not belong to the secret organization known as the K. G. C. The spy entered his office just after dark, and telling him that he trusted to the honor of a gentleman, said that he was an escaped prisoner from Camp Douglas. Unbuttoning his overcoat, he showed a dirty, faded suit of Confederate grey. The lawyer embraced him warmly, and assuring him of his protection, told him that he would step out and bring in a few trusty friends. He retired and let some furloughed union soldiers know that an escaped rebel prisoner had had the impudence to come to him to get a hiding place. The soldiers rushed to the lawyer's office, took out the spy, carried him down to the horse-pond and ducked him over and over again, and then put him in jail for safe-keeping. The next day, when the zeal of the crowd had sufficiently cooled to allow them to listen to what the jail-bird had to say, he convinced them that he was a loyal spy and not an escaped rebel. The cunning lawyer always lived after that in the very odor of sanctity as a loyal man.

Little Jennie W—— is a sweet little three years old, of Louisville, Ky., who has been trained up with the new ideas of things. Hearing her little cousin say "black dog," she corrected him with "oh, Georgie, don't say *black* dog, it's ugly, say *colored* dog!"

We, who live in "the late so-called," can appreciate Jennie W's. distinction. The dogs who rule us are not black dogs, but they are dogs nevertheless, and negro association has tinged them enough to make "colored" dogs a proper designation for them.

The bogus cities of the great west formed a fine subject for caricature for Mr. Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit. He has hardly over-done the picture. Many of the so-called cities do not have half a dozen houses, some of them, as Sue City in Missouri, have but one house, and others have none at all.

Pat Boyle, a conductor on the North Missouri Road, on going

his rounds among the passengers one dark, rainy night, found one fellow, who didn't know where he wanted to go; said that he was a photographer, and wanted to go to some town where he could get into business. "Macon City will be a good place," said Pat. "Oh, no," said the traveler, "Welles is there and has all the business; put me off where there is no artist." "Very well," said Pat, "I know what you want. Jefftown is the very place for you. There is no photographer there." So the artist got off at Jefftown on a dark, rainy night at 11 o'clock, wandered about an hour in search of a hotel, bivouacked at last under a flat car, and woke up in the morning to find that there was no house in five miles of Jefftown.—No photographer had ever resided at Jefftown, and it is scarcely probable that any single one will ever do so!

A young lady of Liberty, Mo., gives the anecdote below:

Late in the fall of 1862, General Prentiss, of the Federal army, passed through our town, and made many arrests. Among others, he arrested one Ben. G— on the charge of being in sympathy with the rebellion, if not a bush-whacker. His poor, old mother followed after, thinking that a mother's tears and entreaties might effect his release. Accompanied by a lady friend, she sought the General at his head-quarters, and accosted him thus,

"Well, Mr. Pres*ident*, I think you might let my son Ben go along home. He hain't done nothing to hurt."

General Prentiss. "No, madam, I can't let your son go. He has been aiding and abetting the rebellion."

Mrs. G. "Thar now, Mr. Pres*ident*, who ever told you that lie on my Ben? He joined the Methodists two year comin' next Aprile, and he hain't *bet* none since he joined them."

General Prentiss. "You mistake me, madam. Your son is not charged with gambling, but with aiding and abetting the rebellion."

Mrs. G. "And I tell you it's a lie. How could Ben go *a-betin'* and me know nothing about it, and me his own mother too. It's all a lie Mr. Pres*ident*.

General Prentiss. "Your son is accused of helping the rebels."

Mrs. G. "That's all a lie too. He just went down to the Blue Mill fight to take a little turn, but he got on the wrong side of the road and he did not do a hate."

Her application was unsuccessful and she went back sorrowful. Late in the night, a bright thought struck her, and she called out to a neighbor in the same bed room,

"I've got it fixed now. You see, Ben's name is Ben Franklin, and I'll just call him Frank, and when they wants Ben, he won't be thar."

Ben Franklin's history is very suggestive, and is like that of some old fire-eaters we know of, who, when the bullets began to fly, got on *the wrong side* of the road, and now have changed their names so adroitly that they are

supposed to have been loyal men always. It is very instructive and somewhat amusing to hear how coolly they talk of rebels.—Never mind: like Ben, they never did "a hate" in the fighting line.

Dr. J., of Missouri, now residing at Adamstown, Maryland, sends two incidents of Missouri gallantry:

Col. Emmett McDonald made a charge at Hartville, Missouri, worthy of that made by his great namesake at Wagram. He was mortally wounded in the brilliant attack. Gen. Joe. Shelby came to him when the shades of death were fast closing round him. He said, "General, was not that a glorious charge? Remember my last charge, when I am dust and ashes."

A very large number of the Missouri troops were without arms, and went into the service waiting till a fortunate capture of arms should supply them. Young Wiley Fackler was too impatient for this slow process. He joined the first command going into action, and as soon as a comrade was killed, he seized the gun of the fallen man and fought through the fight of Boonville.

We would remark, editorially, upon this incident, that while we have been told that there were hundreds of the same kind, we feel a special pleasure in giving the names of such devoted patriots.

Under the protection of the Freedman's Bureau and the teaching of the loyal Fetich, the negroes of the South commit more crime every week than the aggregate crime among them during the two hundred years of slavery. Rape, robbery and murder are of daily occurrence. Still, amid all the outrages committed, there has been a good deal of the ludicrous not unworthy the Haversack.

When the order came from the Big Boss of each of the "five Districts" to put negroes on the jury, the colored brethren were not slow to learn that the pay was two dollars per day. Many of them walked ten and fifteen miles to town, saying that they had come to "jine the Jury." One of these, who may bear the generic name of Pompey Squash, did get on the jury. During the whole trial, he sat meditating upon the goodness of the Big Boss in letting him have a chance to get his two dollars a day. He understood not a word that was said by witnesses and lawyers, but his meditations were, nevertheless, sweet upon the forthcoming greenbacks. "De ole woman shill git a rael, shore nuff calliker frock, and shan't go to meetin' in a copperas frock, like de white trash." In the midst of these pleasant reflections, the Judge gave a solemn charge to the jury, explaining the points of law and enjoining them to discharge their duty faithfully. The jury retired to their room. "Did you understand the Judge's charge, Mr. Squash?" asked one of the jurors. Instantly Pompey's face became a shade blacker, his eyes rolled in his head, and the whites of his eyes looked like snow-flakes on a coal pile, "bless de Lord, is de Judge

chargin' us? I tot we wos a gwine to git pay!"

We will conclude the anecdote. We never liked the style, "the rest of this thrilling story to be found in *Bonner's Ledger* next week." Cloe got her "rael caliker frock," and looks down, with queenly contempt, on "de white trash."

Columbia, Missouri, gives an anecdote of one Tom Caldwell, who was brought before General Guitar, the heroic commander of the honest, amiable, loyal and valiant Missouri "meelish:"

General Guitar. "Mr. Caldwell, you are charged with feeding bush-whackers."

Tom Caldwell. "Couldn't help myself. They came to my house and took what they wanted."

Gen. G. "You should have resisted at the hazard of your life. It is an atrocious offence to feed rebels."

Tom C. "I am afraid, General, that I am a great sinner. For I have committed worse sins than this."

Gen. G. "Horrible confession! What greater iniquity have you committed?"

Tom C. (Very sadly.) "Ah, General, I have been forced to feed Yankees and 'meelish!'"

Many a less saucy speech was punished with death, but Gen. G. good-naturedly over-looked it.

H. V. H., of Nashville, Tenn., does not think that the best Government the world ever saw was peculiarly tender and kind in its treatment of Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island. The men of great moral ideas have mourned so deeply over rebel atrocities at Andersonville, that they have had no time to lament the infinitely greater brutalities at Elmira, Johnson's Island, Fort Delaware, &c., &c. The want of food in these prisons was aggravated to many of the Confederate prisoners by the deprivation of tobacco, to which they had been accustomed. Our friend H. had got a cigar, by some means, and was enjoying it hugely, when a poor reb came up to him and said,

"Mister, please blow your tobacco smoke in my mouth."

Loyal friends! Let us meet together and repent of the horrors of Andersonville!

Rev. Mr. Leary, of Manassas, Virginia, is a fine specimen of the indomitable Ironside Baptist. His congregation wished him to have a lightning rod put to his Church, but he replied, "it is the Lord's House, and if He chooses to thunder it down, let him do it!" Mr. Leary refused to take the oath. No threats and no punishment could subdue him. He became an inmate of the Old Capitol Prison, under the immediate eye of "the Second Washington, the martyr of the nation."

One Sunday, the brutal jailor, the notorious Col. Wood, came round and inquired for a preacher, as he wished the rebels to hear some good, *loyal* Gospel. Mr. Leary said that he was a preacher. Col. Wood looked at his rough exterior and shabby dress and said,

"You're a pretty looking fellow to set up to be a preacher; pshaw! you're no preacher."

Mr. Leary replied in the mildest manner, and with the softest accents, "Colonel, we are sure to be deceived when we judge by outward appearance. If I had been so foolish as to have judged you by your dress, I would have taken you to be a gentleman!"

The Rev. Mr. Leary did not preach that day.

The war gave many illustrations of the old and true adage that "the cowardly are always cruel." The fiends, who are now persecuting the South, were never in the army; or like Butler and Schenck, always kept out of the way of bullets. Probably, the most timid of all the men thrown to the surface by the revolution, was the infamous Gen. Geary of Pennsylvania. We suppose that he was never under fire during the war in his own person, though his troops gave him some reputation.

Capt. John S. Oden, of Loudoun, Virginia, was captured by some of Geary's men after a most stubborn resistance, in which he killed and wounded five of his captors. He would have been killed on the spot, but for the generosity of the only man who had shown any pluck in the fight, and who had pulled Oden off his horse.—Capt. O. was a regular cavalry officer commissioned by the Confederate Government, and he was under no charge of crime or misconduct. Notwithstanding this state of things, the cowardly tyrant had him hand-cuffed and a rope passed through the hand-cuffs and tied to a cannon. He was kept in this condition for four days without food or drink, in mid-winter, with snow on the ground; and he was not allowed coat nor blanket, or fire at night. During these four days, the piece of artillery was pulled about to various places in Loudoun and Fauquier and Capt. Oden dragged after it. The courage which he manifested in the fight, and his heroic fortitude under this brutal treatment, were all lost upon Geary. He could not understand either. His own mean nature would have sunk under torture, as it did on the battle-field.

We are afraid that the loyal Geary has not sufficiently repented of the sins at Andersonville.

Not only does the loyal Congress of the nation get up huge jokes for the edification of poor rebs, but the "General of our armies," himself, affords us occasionally something to laugh at and enjoy.

The ill-usage received by Generals Grant and Sherman at St. Joseph, Missouri, has been very much exaggerated by the Republican Press. The conduct of the mob was jocose rather than turbulent. They came together for fun rather than violence. The loud cries for "Grant, Grant," arose from an impression that he had been drinking the health of his friends too often, and was a little top-heavy. The Irish were specially anxious to see him exposed in a condition of mind and body they had all been in themselves. There was nothing wicked and malicious in this. It was

simply to have a laugh at the expense of "the greatest warrior of this or any other age," and not to be disloyal to the noble Government of our fathers. It seems that General Sherman came out on the balcony of the Hotel amid the tooting of horns, cries for Grant, cries for Blair, cries for Seymour, mixed yells and oaths and all kinds of noises earthly and unearthly. The General began a speech apologetic for the non-appearance of Grant: "My friends, Gen. Grant is the candidate of the great Republican Party for the Presidency. It is not proper for him to be stump-speaking through the country. If you were in Gen. Grant's situation, you would not want to speak." Now there happened to be an Irishman in the crowd, who had an idea that Gen. G. was, at that moment, as much under the influence of liquor as he, Patrick, had ever been, so he replied to Sherman in clear, distinct tones, which were heard above all the uproar, "true for you, Gineral, if I was in Gineral Grant's situation, I would lie down and slape it off!!" General Sherman retired.

*

A SINGULAR CO-INCIDENCE IN LANGUAGES.

It seems that in the Umbrian language in Italy, one of those that existed there before Rome was founded, 735 years before Christ, and that helped to form the Latin, the termination of the plural number was in *or*, as subat*or*, is the same as subacti; screhit*or*, is scripti, plurals in the Latin Language: so amaminor is the same as amamini, a participle used for amamini estis. This statement is found in Browne's Roman Classical Literature, chapter 2d. Now, when we turn to Latham's Hand-Book of the English Language, page 149, section 201, we read, "The plural form *children* (*child-er-en*) requires particular notice. In the first place it is a double plural: the *-en* being the *-en* in *oxen*, whilst the simpler form *childer*, occurs in the old English, and in certain provincial dialects. [We hear this form often in the upper country of North Carolina, and elsewhere.]

Now what is the *er* in *childer?*

In Icelandic, no plural termination is commoner than that in *-r;* as *geisl-ar*, *flashes*, *tung-*ur, *tongues*, &c. * * * *

Besides the word *childer*, we collect from the old High German the following forms in *r:* Hus-ir, Houses: Chalp-ir, Calves: Lemp-ir, Lambs; Plet-ir, Blades of grass; Eig-ir, Eggs; The author quotes the German Etymologist, Grimm, as saying that this *-r* represents an earlier *-s;* though he thinks himself that "the sign of the plural relates to the collective nature of the words in which it occurs. Husir, a collection of houses, &c., and in the

words yeomanry, Jewry, he thinks the *-r* has the same origin."

But it is a singular fact that the Icelandic, which retains, better than any other of the Germanic tongues, the old forms of words: and the old High-German, also, should have the same termination for the plural number, as this ancient language of Italy, which is in part, the basis of the Latin; and they all belong to the same stock of Indo-European languages with the Greek. This would seem to show a relation between the languages of central or northern Europe, or those of ancient Italy.

EDITORIAL.

In his great speech at Atlanta, Ben. Hill, of Georgia, after exhausting his wonderful vocabulary of epithets of contempt and contumely for the base creatures, who have sold themselves and country for a mess of *black* pottage, paused to search for another expression of scorn, stronger, bitterer and fiercer than any he had yet employed, and then burst forth with, "O, ye vile, *unnameable* things!" Others, like the great Georgia orator, have felt the utter inadequacy of the English language to tell the degradation and infamy of this class. The word Scallawag has, therefore, been imported from the Pacific coast. But grant that it imports mean, mangy dog, as alleged by some, still, it only partially reveals the baseness of the renegade. It does not speak of that prurient thievishness, which makes the renegade restless, itchy and miserable, when he is not in an office where stealing is plentiful. It is with unfeigned diffidence that we approach a subject encompassed with such difficulties, and it may seem the height of presumption in us to suggest an expressive epithet, when the master of denunciation gave it up in despair. But it has often happened, when men of science had labored for years to make a particular discovery, some unlearned farmer or mechanic has stumbled upon it unawares. So we think that we have stumbled upon the expression, which Ben Hill sought for and found not. Does not the epithet, "loyal Fetich" tell the whole tale! Does it not aptly portray the renegade class? No stronger or better word can be found than "loyal" to express this itching desire for other people's money. It is beautifully appropriate, significant and suggestive. The people all over the land in its length and breadth understand it to mean just that and nothing more.—Fetichism is the lowest and most brutal form of negro-worship in their native Africa. The Fetich are the worshippers. Thence the "loyal Fetich" are thievish

whites engaged in beastly negro-worship. So a single, simple term embraces all the foul mass. The loyal Governor is the Fetich chief. The loyal judge is the Fetich priest, because he sits in the temple of justice surrounded by negro jurors, and offers up his odorous incense. The Chief Justice thus becomes the High Priest of Fetichism. So far as we can learn, this High Priest has been wisely chosen in all the reconstructed States. Some of his subordinate priests have served noviciates in penitentiaries, some in State prisons, and some, worse educated, have only taken their degree in county jails.

The Sovereign of Tennessee, some time since, released three hundred convicts from the penitentiary, at Nashville. Their loyal services were needed at the polls. There was not a single Democrat in the number. There are still three hundred in that institution, and we were told on the authority of the Superintendent, that there was not a single Confederate soldier in the building. This is the best possible answer to the slanders about rebel atrocities. The slanderers themselves know that the Confederate soldiers are the most law-loving and law-abiding class, in every community in which they dwell. They have gone to work quietly every where, and make a living in an *honest* manner. They have had nothing to do with any of these schemes of fraud upon the Government, which have brought such disgrace upon the American name. We speak, of course, of the *fighting* soldiers of the South and not of the speculators and blockade runners. Of the three criminals condemned by Judge Chase, at Richmond, for knaveries in the whiskey ring, two were deserters from the Confederate army, and the third was a blockade-runner. The day will come, as we confidently believe, when even the North will confide only in those Southern men, who were true to their colors to the last.

The Southern people seem determined to patronize only the pictorials of the North, which prostitute art to falsify history. A large part of the illustrations, so eagerly sought for, are libels upon the South, and yet the patronage of these papers is extensive every where in "the late, so-called." We have seen recently a copy of the *Day's Notions*, a very handsomely illustrated paper, in which there is a picture of a Confederate with a long cavalry sabre and cocked hat. The neck of a bottle is half buried in his mouth, and the text to the picture explains that two Confederate Generals have died of *delirium tremens* since the war, and several others will soon follow after, as that seems to be the kind of suicide preferred by Southern Generals.

This is the kind of stuff, which is now used to "fire the Northern heart." It so happens that Gen. Price is the only Confederate General, who has died since the war, and he died an humble Christian. If any other has died we have not heard of him. We would like to have the names

given in full of the two, who committed suicide with the bottle, and of the others, who are likely to commit suicide. We have read how Gen. Jim Lane took himself off, but he happened not to be a Confederate. And we have read how Wendell Philips said that another distinguished General could not stand up before a glass of whiskey, but would surely fall down. And to this speech, the saintly Theodore Tilton said amen, and so did the gentle Anna Dickinson and the frank-spoken Mrs. Cady Stanton —all loyal and competent witnesses. But this distinguished General is not a Confederate, and, in short, is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. There is a proverb about people who live in glass houses, and we would commend the same to illustrated papers. The Northern heart was fired by the ghastly pictures of the Andersonville prisoners, but few who were maddened by the sight of such pictures, were aware that *the South offered to give up these prisoners without equivalent.* We append below the statement of Judge Ould, the Southern Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, not that we hope to correct any misrepresentations on that subject, for this is not the time for those in power to listen to reason. But we desire to put in a more permanent form, than a mere newspaper publication, the vindication of the Confederate Government. In after years, this calm, dispassionate paper of Judge Ould may be read and believed. Just now it is hard to credit that the Federal Government would seek to aggravate the misery of its own soldiers in order to furnish more horrible pictures for its sensational artists. Parrhasius tortured his victim so as to catch the right expression of agony to transfer to his canvass, the Federal Government connived at the sufferings of its own troops, so as to afford more ghastly subjects for pencil and brush!

Our extract from Judge Ould's letter is lengthy, but not more than the importance of the subject demands:

II.

In January, 1864, and, indeed, some time earlier, it become manifest, that in consequence of the complication in relation to exchange, the large bulk of prisoners on both sides would remain in captivity for many long and weary months, if not for the duration of the war. Prompted by an earnest desire to alleviate the hardships of confinement on both sides, I addressed the following communication to Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, United States Commissioner of Exchange, and on or about the day of its date, delivered the same to the Federal authority:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 24, 1864.

Maj. Gen. E. A. HITCHCOCK,
Agent of Exchange:

SIR—In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under the rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort.

I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing and medicines

as may be forwarded to the relief of prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons be selected by their own Governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through the agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their own acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners.

Respectfully your ob't. serv't,
ROBT. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made. I need not state how much suffering would have been prevented if this offer had been met in the spirit in which it was dictated.—In addition, the world would have had truthful accounts of the treatment of prisoners on both sides by officers of character, and thus much of that misrepresentation which have flooded the country would never have been poured forth. The jury box in the case of Wirz would have had different witnesses, with a different story. It will be borne in mind that nearly all of the suffering endured by Federal prisoners happened after January, 1864. The acceptance of the proposition made by me, on behalf of the Confederate Government, would not only have furnished to the sick medicines and physicians, but to the well an abundance of food and clothing from the ample stores of the United States.

The good faith of the Confederate Government in making this offer cannot be successfully questioned, for the food and clothing (without the surgeons) were sent in 1865, and were allowed to be distributed by Federal officers to Federal prisoners.

Why could not the more humane proposal of January, 1864, have been accepted?

III.

When it was ascertained that exchanges could not be made either on the basis of the cartel, or officer for officer, and man for man, I was instructed by the Confederate authorities to offer to the United States Government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents. Accordingly, in the summer of 1864, I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah river, without any equivalents, assuring at the same time the agent of the United States, Gen. Mulford, that if the number for which he might send transportation could not readily be made up from sick and wounded, I would supply the difference with well men. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to the Savannah river until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many prisoners as could be transported —some thirteen thousand in number, amongst whom were more than five thousand well men.

More than once I urged the mortality at Andersonville as a reason for haste on the part of the United States authorities. I know, personally, that it was the purpose of the Confederate Government to send off from all its prisons all the sick and wounded, and to continue to do the same from time to time without requiring any equivalents for them. It was because the sick and wounded, at points distant from Georgia could not be brought to Savannah within a reasonable time that the five thousand well men were substituted.

Although the terms of my offer did not require the Federal authorities to deliver any for the ten or fifteen thousand which I promised, yet some three thousand sick and wounded were delivered by them at the mouth of the Savannah river. I call upon

every Federal and Confederate officer and man who saw the cargo of living death, and who is familiar with the character of the deliveries made by the Confederate authorities, to bear witness that none such was ever made by the latter, even when the very sick and desperately wounded were alone requested. For, on two occasions at least, such were specially asked for, and particular request was made for those who were so desperately sick that it would be doubtful whether they would survive a removal a few miles down James river. Accordingly, the hospitals were searched for the worst cases, and after they were delivered they were taken to Annapolis, and there photographed as specimen prisoners. The photographs at Annapolis were terrible, indeed; but the misery they portrayed was surpassed at Savannah.

The original rolls showed that some thirty-five hundred had started from Northern prisons, and that death had reduced the number during the transit to about three thousand. The mortality among those who were delivered alive, during the following three months was equally frightful.

But why was there this delay between the summer and November in sending transportation for sick and wounded, for whom no equivalents were asked? Were Union prisoners made to suffer in order to aid the photographs "in firing the popular heart of the North?"

IV.

In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay gold, cotton or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices, if required. At the same time, I gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively in the treatment of Federal prisoners; and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it was insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons, and dispensed by them. To this offer, I never received any reply. Incredible as this appears, it is strictly true.

JEAN INGELOW.*

WE seem to live in a day, when Beattie's trite line, made familiar to us by our copy-books, can no longer be received as an axiom; since there are many exemplifications before our daily consciousness, that it is not after all so very

> —— "hard to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Imagine one of that jaundiced

* Poems by Jean Ingelow. Two Vols.—Roberts Bros., Boston.

tribe—the Critics—who had been absent for a half a dozen years from the English-speaking world, looking into the literature of the sixty-volumed novels of the Javanese—or taking the gauge of the three hundred Cyclopedias of the Mandarins,—or weighing the claims of the Feejee Islanders' love ditties to poetic excellence—imagine, we say, the confusion of such an one, on his return home—at the strange names that would present themselves to him, as the most popular of the day; or in other words, as having the *greatest run* in literature.

He would find Tennyson crowded aside by the new aspirant, Morris: Browning jostled out of the way by Swinburne,—Alexander Smith, extinguished by Robert Buchanan,—the rising glory of the author of *Ecce Homo*, obscuring the waning majesty of Melville,—Christina Rossetti taking the empty seat of Adelaide Proctor—and Jean Ingelow eclipsing in popularity, the strongest female writer of her own or any past age, Elizabeth Browning.

Reputations are certainly made, like fortunes, much more rapidly now-a-days than they used to be. They may not be worth so much, or have the firm solidity of those of a slower growth; nevertheless they are *bona fide* reputations, and as such, to be by no means depreciated. There may have come to be more of a sleight about literature, as there is about other things which our progressive age is not mistaken in calling improvements. People have discovered that life is too short to allow of lingering over anything, as in the dreamy, laggard, olden time. Tapestries are woven now, in a day, that throw the famous Bayeux, over which Queen Matilda and her maidens wearied their eyes for years, entirely into the shade.—Illuminations are produced by the thousand, and at small cost, at which an old *Scriptorius* of the mediæval period would have worn away half a life time. Gothic Cathedrals are built in a month; (not, verily, after the exact type of the "Dom of Cologne, which, after several centuries, is yet unfinished:)—and so the names of new poets are sounded from shore to shore, and become 'household words' in less time than it took the good Ellwood to persuade his friends that his neighbor, John Milton, had written a poem that was likely to live. It required eleven years to call forth three editions of "Paradise Lost:"—Holland's "Katharine" passes through *forty* in three months!

Among the names that have thus suddenly sprung into popularity, as it were, in a night, is that of Miss Ingelow. And when we speak of this sudden sort of reputation, we do not mean to intimate that there is any suspicion of fungus growth. It may only be that there is observable, a spontaneousness of recognition in these modern times, which did not exist to any degree in other days. Certainly we make no such charge in reference to the writer before us, who fairly merits all 'the room and verge' which her own genius has won for her.

A half dozen years back, Jean Ingelow was a name unknown to the sellers of books, and unrecog-

nized on the literary *Bourse*. To write prose *Sketches*, which were contributed to Dr. McLeod's "*Good Words*," or Dr. Guthrie's "*Sunday Magazine*," seems to have been the limit of her authorly ventures. It is remarkable that a poet of so much originality as well as individuality,—covering too, so wide a space by experiences of which her own inner life afford the transcripts, apparently, should have been able to exercise the rare grace—most rare in these voluble times when everybody is ready to rush into print—of such long restrained reticence. We are all the more willing to listen to the singer who could thus keep pent within her own soul, such gathering, ripening, deepening melodies, through her youth, even on to her maturer years.

We have, consequently, no crudenesses in the volumes before us,—no affectations,—no trivial or false sentiment,—no half-views of life,—no *unfaith* in God or man. We feel beneath us, a clear, defined substratum of truth, and we are sure that we have an earnest, sincere spirit to deal with. The author has waited, to purpose, too: for we are told that in less than six years, some hundred thousand copies of her books have been sold,—a result almost unprecedented in the history of poetry. What volume of woman's verses ever attained such a circulation within so short a space of time, or even within the whole life-time of their author?

Let us question, for a little, the cause of this quick popularity. There seems to be nothing adventitious about it, and there is not the slightest *soupcon* of claptrap. No great patrons have taken the poet by the hand: no partizan theme has given her any false eminence. She does not appear to have breathed the questionable atmosphere of over-culture, which surrounded Elizabeth Browning from the cradle,—in which walked influential, scholarly friends, eager to help forward the aspirant. No potent critics have undertaken to 'write her up.' Her best friends seem to have been her publishers: but the most liberal cannot compel popularity. If it could be bribed, her *American* publishers, may be said to have offered all that fine typography, creamy paper, and costly illustrations can devise, as lure. But these factitious things leave the matter where we found it.

We fall back, then, upon the trne and only solution of our problem:—that Jean Ingelow has gained for herself, by her own unaided and innate strength,—by her pure womanliness—her breadth of human sympathy—her deep religious feeling—her earnestness and her subtle pathos, the place she now occupies among the poets.

Her first volume contained several poems which took the popular heart by storm. Of these, perhaps the most widely known and appreciated, is "*The High Tide*." There is a captivating quaintness about it, in admirable keeping with the period of the incident on which the ballad is founded: but it is no doubt, so familiar to most readers, that

quotation is wholly unnecessary. Who that has read it, can rid his ear of the old spinner's meditative refrain—

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth!"

or the musical iteration of the call of the kine from the pasturage?

There are other pieces in the book quite as worthy of admiration. "Divided" is as tender a story of the sad *letting go of hands*, to which many an experience besides the poet's can look back, as we know of, within the range of modern verse.

"Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

* * * * * * * *

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short, dry grass under foot, is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon, to prank the down.

* * * * * * * *

Sing on!—we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider—the hands must sever:
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart—while she singeth ever;
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays—"Come over!"—I may not follow;
I cry—"Return!"—but he cannot come:
We speak—we laugh—but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging—our hearts are numb."

"*Songs of Seven*" has been greatly praised, and upon these seven lyrics, perhaps the cornerstone of Miss Ingelow's temple of fame will rest. The idea is a poetically conceived one, and there is no failure in the working of it out: but it is not so perfect a specimen of the writer's powers as "*The Four Bridges*,"—the most finished as well as one of the longest pieces in the book. This is a lover's story—full of picturesque description and fine scenic effect. The level English landscape of the author's childhood, with its reedy river-banks, and its shallow pools, white with floating lilies lies clear before as we read. We will not give the merest hint of the story: let our readers go to the volume for it: but we may be permitted to single out a verse or two, just for their fine, graphic touch:

"A little waxen taper in her hand,
Her feet upon the dry and dewless grass,
She looked like one of the celestial band,
Only that on her cheeks did dawn and pass
Most human blushes; while, the soft light thrown
On vesture pure and white, she seemed yet fairer grown.

Oh, happiness! thou dost not leave a trace
So well defined as sorrow!—amber light
Shed like a glory on her angel face,
I can remember fully—and the sight
Of her fair forehead and her shining eyes,
And lips that smiled in sweet and girlish wise.

I can remember how the taper played
Over her small hands, and her vesture white;
How it struck up into the trees, and *laid*
Upon their under leaves, unwonted light:
And when she held it low, how far it spread
O'er velvet pansies slumbering on their bed."

There is a picture clearly enough defined for the limning of any artist.!

We must pass over "*Brothers—and A Sermon*"—"*Supper at the Mill*," and many more poems that we would like to characterize, and take up the second volume, which contains tho longest and most important of Miss Ingelow's productions—"*The Story of Doom.*"

No severer subject could a poet possibly have chosen.

It is an antediluvian picture—vague and shadowy and weird in its outline, as becomes such a theme, but handled withal, in a most skilful and masterly manner, such as makes Montgomery's "*World before the Flood*," seem mere drivel in comparison. Noah, his wife and children are almost the only human characters introduced. The thread of narrative is not Biblical, but perfectly harmonious with the Mosaic record. We think the author mistakes as regards the clearness of the revelation of his mission, which God made to Noah. Surely he had something more for his guidance than the dim voice which he heard

—"Hollower than an echo fallen
Across some clear abyss?"

We cannot believe that the great "Master Ship-wright" wrought on through his centurial preparation, weakened by any doubt.

The boldness of handling throughtout this poem, is masterful and marvellous. At first, the hoar antiquity of the theme seems to remove it too far from our common sympathy: we wonder if it is possible to become interested in the fears, the cares, the lores, of people whom Job calls "the ancients!" And yet we soon discover that human joys and sorrows were just *as* human then as now.

There is nothing so surprising

about this "*Story of Doom*" as the wonderful way in which our author severs herself from all the influences of the present. The most weird impression of *remoteness* seems like a glamour over everything: a stern simplicity characterizes all the groupings: there is a strange, old-world air about the lightest details of domestic life: there is a statuesque *pose* in every outline and fold: there is a patriarchal transfusion of tone, in the conversations, which yet, in no degree, imitates or travesties Scripture.

It requires great daring to attempt to portray the Arch-Fiend's efforts to thwart God's mercy in offering, through Noah's preaching, safety to the threatened world; and yet it is done without failure. Nevertheless we are free to confess that we think the Poem would be more perfect, as a whole, without the introduction of Satan and 'his Demons,' powerfully as this portion of the poem is managed: and with something like a sense of relief do we turn from the 'infernal' logic, to refresh our human sympathies with the exquisite converse of Niloiya with her husband.

Miss Ingelow deals with the highest philosophies with a masculine grasp of hand, scarce inferior to Mrs. Browning's in her "*Drama of Exile.*" Yet there is no similarity in the two productions, although at one point, their themes are co-incident. There is too, an equally reverential and Christian mode of treatment—neither Dantesque nor Miltonic—but better here than either—since it is eminently Scriptural.

The Fifth Book is the most highly finished, and containing as it does the sweet episode, Amavant's love for Japhet, commends itself most to our modern regard. We are very much tempted to quote—but feel the inadequacy of broken morsels to do any justice to the fine classic unity of the whole: therefore, although, we had run our pencil along various passages with the intention of transferring them to our page, we reluctantly forbear. The *Eighth* and *Ninth* Books are short and finely conceived. The dimly defined outlines of the last (the *Ninth*) are managed with marvellous skill: we seem to see the gliding figures half enveloped in the creeping, shrouding mists that are gradually swallowing up the doomed world.

It would require pages to do justice to this unique poem—the most remarkable, we hesitate not to affirm, which any woman's pen has produced within the last quarter of a century—if we except "*The Drama of Exile.*" It is a noble study; and is well calculated to make the female heart swell with pride to be thus made conscious of what a woman's mallet can accomplish in working a breathing humanity into the pure, cold marble of the remotest antique.

Of Miss Ingelow's prose works, we have not left ourselves space to speak, for the present. In England they are said to be more popular than even her poetical ones. "*A Sister's Bye-Hours*"—a collection of fresh, most naturally told and charming sketches, is the latest of her books. "*Stories told to a Child*" are remarkable for their singular purity of diction, and nice characterizations.

About anything Miss Ingelow writes, there is a beautiful and serene, religious coloring which goes far to commend all her productions to the Christian reader. Her muse's pure forehead has been touched by the holy symbol of an evangelic faith, rather than by the pagan baptism of Olympian dews.

LIST OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

—o—

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E. JACCARD & CO.,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

NO. 302 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

Marble Building, Corner of Olive, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Diamonds, Musical Boxes, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c.

Nov—3m*

WM. KNABE & CO.,

Manufacturers of Grand, Square and Upright

PIANO FORTES.

Warerooms, No. 350 West Baltimore-Street, near Eutaw, Baltimore, Md.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained *an unpurchased pre-eminence*, which pronounces them unequalled. Their TONE combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of Intonation, and evenness throughout the entire scale. Their TOUCH is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in many Pianos. In WORKMANSHIP they are unexcelled, using none but the very best seasoned material, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c, on hand. ☞ All our Square Pianos have our New Improved Over-strung scale and the A-graffe Treble. ☜ We would call especial attention to our late improvements in

Grand Pianos and Square Grands, Patented August 14, 1866,

Which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano fully Warranted for Five Years.

Sole Wholesale Agency for CARHART & NEEDHAM'S Celebrated Parlor Organs and Church Harmoniums.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

July—6m*] No. 350 West Baltimore-Street, near Eutaw, Baltimore.

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Rhodes' Standard Superphosphate,

The old and long established STANDARD MANURE.

RHODES' AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Prepared for those who are not disposed to combine themselves.

RHODES' TOBACCO MANURE.

Rhodes' Manures, in their preparation, are made equally adapted for forcing large crops of Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Tobacco, Potatoes and other Root Crops.

The Manufacturing Department is conducted by Frederick Klett, one of the most skillful Chemists and Manufacturers in the United States.

They are endorsed, approved and recommended by all the most prominent Chemists and Agriculturalists in the Southern States.

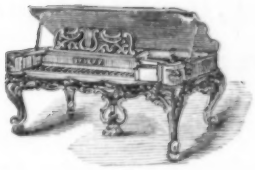
They can be relied on as uniform in quality; always reliable, productive of large crops and unexcelled by any in the market in the high percentage of TRUE FERTILIZING PRINCIPLES.

TERMS:

$55 per ton, cash, bags or barrels. Time sales can be arranged with city acceptance. The usual discount of the market allowed dealers.

B. M. RHODES & CO.,

July—1y. Office No. 82 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

PIANOS.  PIANOS.

CHARLES M. STIEFF,

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Gold Medal, Grand and Square Pianos.

FACTORIES 84 *and* 86, *CAMDEN STREET,*

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OPPOSITE THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Office and Wareroom, No. 7, N. Liberty-St., above Baltimore-St., Baltimore, Maryland.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CHARLES M. STIEFF, for 1867, by the Maryland Institute (Baltimore, Maryland) for PIANOS, in competition with New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Pianos.

STIEFF'S PIANOS have all the latest improvements, including the Agraffe-treble, Ivory fronts, and the improved French Action, full warranted for five years, with the privilege of exchange within twelve months, if not entirely satisfactory to the purchasers.

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General Robert E. Lee, - - - -	Lexington, Va.
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General D. H. Hill, - - - -	Charlotte, "
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Professor Baumann, - - - -	" "
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Wm. J. Palmer, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institute,	Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Covel, - - - - -	Staunton, Va.

A CALL IS SOLICITED.

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July—1yr

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

229 BALTIMORE STREET,

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July—6m*

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Nos. 216 and 218 Baltimore St.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Family Hardware, Table Cutlery, Plated Goods, China, Glass & Queensware,

BRONZES, CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS, &C.

July—6m*.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

—o—

GADDESS BROS.

Successors to Alexander Gaddess,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

Corner Sharp and German Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS and HEADSTONES of American and Italian Marble, of Original Design, always on hand.

July—6m*

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CABINET FURNITURE,

No. 41 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Chamber, Parlor, Library and Dining Sets constantly on hand and made to order.

July—6m*

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,

With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

GUANO ATTACHMENT

TO

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

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W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent, 59 1-2 S. Charles-st., Baltimore.

Dec—1867—1y*

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
LEXINGTON, VA.

The next session opens 3rd Thursday in September, 1868, and closes 4th Thursday in June, 1869. The Faculty consists of

GEN. R. E. LEE, President,

with Professors of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Moral Philosophy, History and English Language and Literature, Applied Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Law and Equity. These are distributed into: 1. Faculty of Arts; 2. Faculty of Science; 3. Faculty of Literature and Philosophy; 4. Faculty of Law. In each of these is conferred a distinct Bachelor's Degree, and the Degree of *Master of Arts* is open alike to students in each course. In the Department of Science are conferred, also, *Professional Diplomas* of Civil Engineer and Mining Engineer. By the aid of a full corps of assistant Professors, provision is made for thorough drilling in the Departments of English, Ancient and Modern Languages and Mathematics.

EXPENSES.—All necessary expenses need not exceed $325.

For full particulars apply to

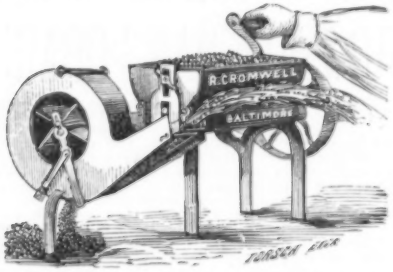
E. C. GORDON,
Clerk of Faculty.

Sept—3m

McDOWELL & BAECHTEL,

PATENT

FAMILY HOMINY MILL WITH FAN ATTACHMENT.



THIS FAMILY HOMINY MILL was invented some years since, and has constantly been improved, until it is a perfect Machine. It combines in its manufacture, Durability, Strength, Reliability, and Simplicity. It is considered the best MILL of its kind, made in America. Hundreds of farmers in all the States testify to its making "the very best Table Hominy, and say it is a complete success; and that every Farmer should buy one." As exclusive sole agent for the United States, I keep constantly on hand a full stock of the above Mills. The trade supplied at liberal discount. Full Directions accompany each mill. Retail price, in Baltimore, for each mill, $8.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

Dealer in Agricultural Implements, Field and Garden Seeds, and Proprietor of Patapsco Nursery, 35 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

Oct—3m

SAMUEL CHILD & CO.,

No. 20 North Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

IMPORTERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

China, Glass, Table Cutlery, Family Hardware, Plated Goods, &c.,

And Manufacturers of

TIN, WOODEN AND JAPANNED WARE,

And KITCHEN FURNITURE of every character.

July—6m*

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The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February.

EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS.

Board, (including *every* expense, washing, fuel, lights, &c.,) with Tuition in English Branches.....$130 00

Music, Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, extra, at usual charges. For Circular and Catalogue, address,

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Importers and Dealers in Lace Curtains, Brocatelle and Upholstery Goods,

NO. 92 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

July—6m* BALTIMORE, MD.

HOWARD HOUSE,

NOS. 5 and 7 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

TWO DOORS FROM BALTIMORE-STREET.

STAGES will be at the Depots on arrival of trains, also at the steamers on their arrival, to convey guests and their baggage to the House.

BULL & SEWELL, Proprietors.

TERMS $2.50 PER DAY. July—6m*

"WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE,"

IS a saying of the past. Woman's work—or at least that portion of it most dreaded and continual—her sewing—is now speedily and beautifully done by the aid of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which, while it lessens the labor, adds to the excellence of the sewing by the strength, elasticity, and durability of its work.

A Child can operate a Grover & Baker

Sewing Machine. It sews from two common spools, makes a stitch stronger than that made by hand, and its simplicity is marvelous in comparison to its capacity.

Health, Time and Money are economized by the use of a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine. They are unlimited in their capacity, and unexcelled in their excellence. The merit of embroidering—which these machines alone possess, and which style of trimming is now so popular—renders them *par excellence*, the most desirable of any in use.

SALESROOMS, 181 BALTIMORE-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

July—6m*

WILSON, COLSTON & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

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Buy and sell all Southern Securities, State, City and Railroad; also BANK NOTES, and transact a General Banking business in all its branches.

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July—6m*

THE NEW JEWELRY STORE!

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BOOGHER BROTHERS

Having removed from the Southern Hotel to

No. 417 Olive Street,

Have opened with an entirely Fresh Stock of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, AND FANCY GOODS.

Their stock of

SOLID AND PLATED SILVER WARE

Cannot be excelled in the City.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted

PRECIOUS STONES RE-SET.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

☞ Everything Warranted as Represented. ☜

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BOOGHER BROTHERS,

No. 417 OLIVE STREET, between 4th and 5th,

St. Louis, Mo.

Nov—6m*

KOOPMANN'S
BITTERS.

I take pleasure in informing the public at large that I have again made preparations for the manufacture, on a scale adequate to the increased demand, of the so well and favorably known

"KOOPMANN'S BITTERS,"

the virtues of which have become as familiar as household words, as can be attested by hundreds of families who have used it with unvarying success in all cases of

Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhea,

and all Bowel Affections,

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Chills and Fevers, &c.,

and by thousands of North Carolina soldiers in the late war, who have found it, in the different miasmatic diseases contracted in camp, a safe and certain cure.

This remedy is so well known that any recommendation is deemed utterly unnecessary, although I can refer with pride *to actual consumers in your midst who are willing to testify to its efficacy.*

Wholesale and retail at my store in Charlotte, N. C., and at all Druggists,

B. KOOPMANN.

Aug—1868